Our Movies full of SIN - says British Critic

Movie Weekly

July. 28, 1923

TEN CENTS

"Beauty not necessary for screen success", says Mae Marsh

Male Vamps I have met and- by Claire Windsor

Elizabeth Brown

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

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Coming

Punished

Twenty odd months ago twilight descended upon the life of a man whose existence up until that time had been just one long day of sunshine. "Fatty" Arbuckle, famous movie comedian, lost face with the entire world.

The facts of his misfortune are familiar to everyone. A wild party, a girl's death—and "Fatty" was definitely *de trop* so far as the movies, his special sphere for entertaining, were concerned.

Time passed. And then, last Christmas, Will Hays pardoned the rotund fun-maker with the explanation that he had been punished enough. But the storm of denunciation that the Hays pardon raised seemed effectually to discourage any further hopes of Arbuckle's rehabilitation.

Then, the other night at the Marigold Gardens in Chicago, "Fatty" Arbuckle made his first public appearance since his fall from popular grace and favor.

What happened? How was he received? Read James Craig Gordon's account of the stout comedian's reception in next week's Movie Weekly.

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Sweet Land of Liberty

When they took *"Cleopatra"* into *Pennsylvania*, the censors there refused to permit the exhibition of the film unless *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* were married. *Theda Bara* as *Cleopatra.*

Recent activities of Censorship Board recall *persecution of American Colonies* before Revolution—Journalist quotes Patrick Henry

By Fulton Oursler

AT A LUNCHEON the other day in the historic Upper Chamber of Brown's Chop House in New York, Sam Goldwyn, the founder of the picture company which bears his name, stood at the table and addressed a distinguished company of poets, authors, and others engaged in the arts and crafts.

He was talking about censorship.

"Did you know," asked Mr. Goldwyn, "that when Wm. Fox took his picture, 'Cleopatra,' into Pennsylvania, the censors there refused to permit the exhibition of the film unless Anthony and Cleopatra were married?"

Did you know that?

Aside from the distortion of history, which such a mandatory change involved, it apparently escaped the attention of the Pennsylvania moralists that in eliminating one sin out of the celluloid, they introduced another and much more serious one—the indefensible crime of bigamy.

For it must not be forgotten that Anthony had a wife named Octavia back in Rome, and statisticians are still counting the up-state returns on Cleopatra's husbands.

But neither the distortion of the facts of history, nor the hopeless muddle of morality worries the immaculate conscience of a censor; not even the desecration of our national rights, for which some of our forefathers yielded up their lives.

But to every American, with the touch of freedom upon his brow, the present spectacle is one freighted with disaster.

We are facing a situation where a new tyranny, a more complete and more unbearable and more damnable Czaristic curse than any in our history, is being slowly fastened upon us.

At this very moment, three or four politically-appointed men and women pass upon and decide what you are permitted to see upon the screen. You may have become callous to this condition. You may have accepted it passively. But have you ever stopped to realize just what this means to your personal liberty, guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States, which was written in the flowing blood of the Continental Army under George Washington?

Stop and remember!

GO BACK to the days when a tyranny of public opinion and of a dissolute and ignorant monarchy made a free religion impossible in England. There, worship according to one's conscience was prohibited by the Throne. You prayed as the King prayed, or you went to jail.

But there were brave hearts, too, in England. There were men who believed in that fundamental freedom which makes conscience the only judge upon the soul. To men such as these, such tyranny was intolerable. The shackles of the King upon their souls could not be endured. To rehearse the story of the Pilgrim band, voyaging across a treacherous sea, into a savage and unconquered land, is but to review a page out of your own school book. But, when at your desk in the school room, you read that story, did you ever stop and think what it all meant?

Would you today be willing to go on a ship as shaky and flimsy as the Mayflower—to bundle your belongings in a little box, and turn your back upon your homeland, to venture out into the ocean storms and trust to get ashore upon a new continent, where savage beasts roamed unchecked and where red barbarians, with poisoned arrows, were hiding among the trees? Would you today have the nerve to fare forth upon such an adventure in a land where stood not a single house, where there was not a store or farm or church; nothing but a bleak wilderness, savage and wild, for your personal liberty?

There, upon the sandy shores of Plymouth, that little band disembarked. They came ashore to suffer and to die so that only a little handful remained, clinging tenaciously to their idea—their passion for liberty.

What matters anything else beyond that?

There is the record of what they did. Because liberty was more precious to them than life, they came into this cold and barren wilderness with murder whizzing through the air and famine clawing at them from the stony soil; with death in every icy tremor of the trees, and gaunt hunger slinking close upon their heels.

Would you be willing to do such a thing today? Is there anything that could call you forth from your steam-heated rooms, from your Ford or your Buick, from your moving picture theatre and your Sunday School, your club and your friends, and all that makes life precious and sweet to you, and to cast your lot into an unknown land, over an unknown sea, and into an unknown fate? That was the glorious beginning of liberty in this country. And when the imagination of the old world was captured by that brave invasion, the Atlantic Ocean became white with the flattened sails of craft voyaging with new Pilgrims, all turning to the land of promise, where liberty smiled at them from the skies. The great adventure prospered!

WHERE before were grim and unknown forests, loneliness, and the stark silence of the night, cities came into being. Men tilled; men plowed. They sowed and they reaped. They played and they sang. They gave praise to God, and they founded a nation.

And then, so soon as material prosperity blessed this land, the greedy hand of tyranny reached out

(*Continued on page* 31)

American Movies are full of Lies SAYS British Film Critic

A street scene in *London*—the heart of the great *British* metropolis

Mae Busch in a scene from "*The Master of Men*," the screen version of *Hall Caine's novel*.

WHO IS guilty of producing picture plays capable of making English audiences look upon America as "a large country surrounded by sin and sentiment?"

And, if there is a company, or a set of companies engaged in making movies that slander our morals and national characteristics, what sinister propaganda inspires this pernicious effort?

These are two questions which Movie Weekly cannot help asking in face of the following sensational statements which have appeared in prominent London newspapers. I quote from the *London Evening News*:

"America is a large country surrounded by sin and sentiment. It is inhabited in the East by unscrupulous but enormously wealthy and successful business men who devote their nights to squandering their ill-gotten gains of the day before.

"In the West 'bad men' rob stage coaches and banks, shoot sheriffs and their partners in crime, or spend a good deal of their time rolling around on the ground trying to gouge out each other's eyes.

"The North is peopled by bearded scoundrels who go there to escape from the law, to steal mining claims and to menace lonely girls in snow-bound log cabins. The South is notable for cacti and half-breeds. The latter have no particular vices. They are just bad!

"These conclusions are arrived at from personal observation, not in America, but in the British cinemas. The films which have taught me these things have American trade marks, so I suppose they must be a true picture of life in the United States.

"They have taught me also that there are a number of good people in the land who seem to make up in sentimentality what they lack in sinfulness. The rich women of the East are notable for the scantiness of their costumes, their uncharitable attitude towards other women and for their remarkable bedrooms. These are of enormous size and have at least one telephone, and an easy way of egress for the heroines and ingress for the heroes."

This arraignment of American morals, as allegedly depicted by American-made movies, appeared under the title of "America As I Know It," by "A Filmgoer."

Frankly, I do not believe that there is anybody making pictures today which misrepresent the American nation. For a very long time Movie Weekly has made a very successful effort to keen posted on everything that happens in filmdom. If such photoplays were being produced and exported to England, France, or any other foreign country, this magazine would have exposed the producers as national enemies long ago.

Consequently there is only one logical conclusion or inference to draw from the expressions credited to "A Filmgoer" in the *London Evening News*, and that is he bases his judgments upon the same kind of American pictures as the American family views week in and week out. If this is the case, as it must necessarily be, Movie Weekly takes immediate and emphatic issue with every word printed in the *Evening News'* article.

To digress for a moment, and answer my second question, which asks what motives could possibly actuate the making of slanderous American movies and exporting them to England. If such pictures are not being manufactured (as I am sure they are not), then there are no motives to discuss, for they do not exist. But, in the improbable event we are wrong in disbelieving that such films are being produced, the motives behind such an effort would not be hard to trace and analyze. They would simply have for their ultimate end the bringing of discredit and disgrace upon the people of this country by exposing this nation as immoral. The only persons, or organizations interested in such propaganda would be those who desire a break between England and America!

OUR PRESENT day movies, such as you see in your favorite theatre every day or week, do not reflect American life in such a way as to indicate that we are a sinful country. I make this statement as an unequivocal denial to "A Filmgoer's" statements. He has either deliberately misinterpreted the American pictures exhibited in London cinema houses, or he has chosen to cast stones merely upon the strength of an impression gained from that minority of movies which may unfortunately sensationalize certain levels of American society.

IF THIS English writer and observer had viewed sufficient American photoplays to render an entirely fair verdict, he never would have declared that America is "a large country surrounded by sin and sentimentality." He would have admitted, on the other hand, that it is a land where the majority of people live as cleanly and wholesomely as the people of any other nation. The substantiating proof of these assertions lies in the fact that the American public would not patronize, or stand for, moving picture plays which on a whole slandered its character and morals.

Obviously, all of our pictures are not founded upon Sunday School lessons. However, most of them, like stories all over the world, can be traced with some degree of accuracy back to a Biblical origin. The annual program of our pictures includes dramatic entertainment founded upon all of the myriad phases of human life. We have the love story . . . the adventure picture . . . mystery photoplays . . . social problem stories . . . some pictorial discussion of sex, and so on down the gamut of life.

It is rather a bold and sweeping charge to say our movies indicate that the eastern portion of this land is infested by business men who accumulate fortunes by dishonest methods. And, it is a charge which cannot be upheld in the final analysis of the proofs offered to substantiate it.

American business is on the soundest financial foundations in the world. Our dollar, although it does not buy as much for us as it did in pre-war days, is still the monetary standard of the universe. Our dollar represents gold resources, and value founded upon a rock-bottom base. However, if

# of Sentimentality and Sin"

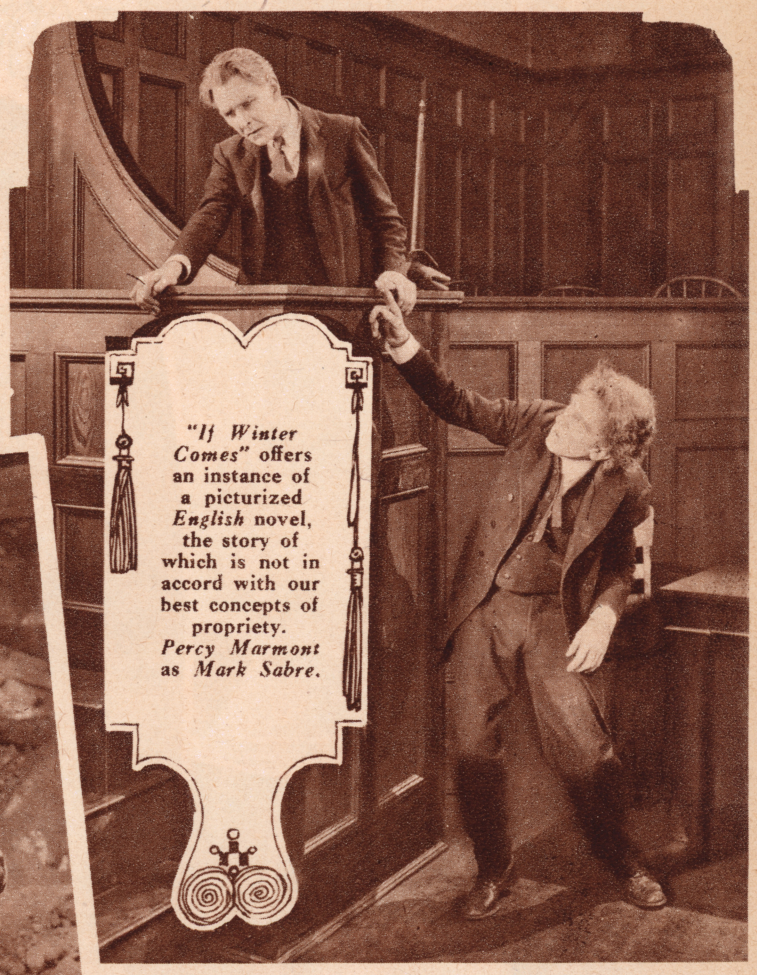
Writer who signs himself "*The Filmgoer*" makes extraordinary assertions about *American motion pictures*—Movie Weekly replies :: :: *By* T. Howard Kelly

American business, industry and commerce were inherently dishonest and built upon unscrupulous methods, this healthy and wholesome state of affairs would not exist as it does.

As there are no longer stage coaches in any section of the country except places like Fifth Avenue, there is little necessity to spend any time in refuting the statement that "in the West 'bad men' rob stage coaches, and banks, and shoot sheriffs . . ."

Before going into any further details regarding the specific reasons why this English writer believes certain sections of America to be partial to certain kind of sins, let me remind him that the identical situations of which he complains as existing in our movies, exist with great vehemence in the stories which American producers have bought from English authors; and which, for argument's sake, indicate, according to "A Filmgoer's" logic, that England must be a "small country surrounded by sin and seduction."

In *"Six Days," Frank Mayo* and *Corinne Griffith* are married under circumstances that are at least unconventional.



"If Winter Comes" offers an instance of a picturized *English* novel, the story of which is not in accord with our best concepts of propriety. *Percy Marmont* as *Mark Sabre.*

TAKE "If Winter Comes," for example. No English novel of late years has enjoyed more popularity than Hutchinson's book. Here in America it went into several editions. Several hundred thousand copies were sold, and recently it has been placed on the screen by William Fox. Suppose you saw it and afterwards condemned the entire English nation as sinners because of the story in "If Winter Comes."

To begin with, this story makes an English minister party to a conspiracy that is obnoxious to all fair-minded people. It shows him a hypocrite of the worst type. The son of "a holier than thou" gentleman engaged originally in the business of printing ecclesiastical books, betrays a girl before marching away to war. Mark Sabre, the garrulous and genial hero himself, is secretly in love with a woman other than his wife, and his wife finally divorces him to marry another man. If this isn't a compendium of sin and seduction, then what is?

Another English story that is to be produced upon the silver screen is "Simon Called Peter." This book deals with a young English chaplain who goes to war to save other men's souls and finally falls in love with a girl with whom he spends a week-end before they are married. Suppose we draw the conclusion from this picture that all English chaplains fall for temptations of the flesh as Peter did in this story?

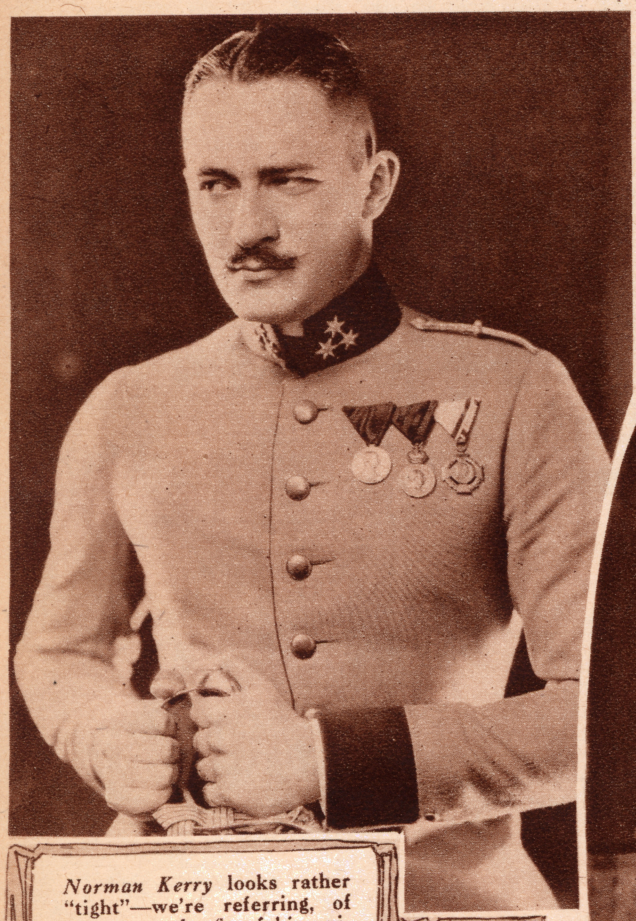
Hall Caine's "The Master of Men" is another English story that might be held up to the anonymous author of "America As I Know It" for comparison with many of our American works of fiction from which pictures are made. In this story a young girl is ruined and is then banished from her home by her hard old father, upon which she seeks refuge with the man who was the original cause of her misfortune. A subordinate theme of murder adds to the story's interest and makes it at once a pattern of all that our English critic would have us believe was something that was typically and exclusively American.

A STILL further instance is offered in Elinor Glyn's novel, "Six Days." In this story, which bears all the earmarks of the unfettered pen that inscribed "Three Weeks," we have a situation that vies nicely with any of a similar American origin. A long list, indeed, might be furnished in support of this contention, that would include "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "A Bed of Roses," and several of the novels of John Galsworthy, notably "Beyond" and "Saints' Progress."

I do not believe that the rich women of our Eastern section are any more notable for their scant attire than are the fashionably gowned women of France, England, Spain, or any other European country. There is no veiled insinuation in the statement that the bedrooms of such American women have an easy way of egress for the heroine and a convenient ingress for the hero. This is an out and out slander against the morals and purity of our women. It is an insult which shocks one all the more because a London paper dared to countenance the pernicious thought by printing it.

Perhaps this critic of our American morals who alleges that his viewpoints are based on observations of our movies possesses a mentality with that peculiar and undesirable kind of a complex which causes him to give a twisted interpretation to everything he sees and hears. At any rate, Movie Weekly is convinced that the *London Evening News* was guilty of gross lack of judgment when it set "A Filmgoer's" idea of this country in type.

Handsome Guys in the Movies



Norman Kerry looks rather "tight"—we're referring, of course, to the fit of his uniform in *"Merry-Go-Round."*

"Si, si, Senor"—and *J. Warren Kerrigan* is certainly worth seeing in *"The Girl of the Golden West."*

George Walsh is as handsome as his part calls for in *"Vanity Fair"*—which is really fair enough!

Ivor Novello looks serious enough to play *"Hamlet"* in his role in *"The White Rose."*

Here's a hectic hero for you—*Ramon Novarro* in *"Scaramouche."*

Why Beauty isn't necessary for a SCREEN CAREER

by Mae Marsh

Popular little screen star of "*The White Rose*" tells how she succeeded without the *advantages* of a beautiful face

An interview with Gladys Hall

GIRLS say to us frequently and all of the while, "Oh, it's all very well for the pretty girls. They can always get a chance on the screen. But what about the plain girls . . . what they get is generally the air!"

And we always reply, briefly and to the point, "Consider Mae Marsh how she screens. She flaps not, neither does she vamp," or words to that effect.

And then the girls will say, "Well, that's so . . . um . . . Mae Marsh . . . still, she must have *something* . . ."

Undoubtedly Mae Marsh has got "something," but that "something" is not beauty, nor even sex appeal, as these two commodities are commonly considered.

Mae Marsh has always interested us. For many reasons. The most obvious being her unforgettable role in Griffith's "Birth of a Nation." The second being that she is a wife and a mother, Mrs. Louis Lee Arms in private life, with a small four-year-old daughter, very much like herself in appearance, and proudly admitted by both parents to be "a born actress," and thirdly because after an absence of more than four years she has "come back" in Griffith's "White Rose," as definitely an artist as she was four years ago. In fact, she IS the picture, according to our confreres, the critics.

But the fourth and most interesting fact to us is that Mae Marsh has been as immensely and as solidly popular as she has been without the benefit of beauty. For, to repeat, Mae Marsh is not what the movie world generally means when they describe a girl as being "pretty." She is certainly no Katherine MacDonald, nor is she a Mary Pickford, nor a Colleen Moore, nor yet a Gloria Swanson. Nor is she of the vamp genus. She bears no trace of Nita Naldi, of Pola Negri, nor of Theda Bara. Hers is a rarer, more highly specialized appeal.

It is always well to talk to a person just as they are balanced upon the crest of triumph, and in passing, before we tackled the subject we had in hand, we graciously permitted Mae, natty in blue linen, to talk about the Public. About you-all.

THE PUBLIC," she said, "never forgets. Once you have made good, once you have made friends—you stay. It is all a legend, this talk of the Public beeing fickle. I feel that in my case it is really friendship, in the best sense of the word, for I began making pictures at the very beginning. I have taken long leaves of absence and they have had time to forget me if they wished to. Newer faces, all of that. And to add to it all, I never had any great beauty wherewith to beguile them."

Which brought us, of course, to our point. A delicate one, you will admit.

"You believe," we said, "that a girl can succeed, though plain?"

"*I* have," laughed Mae, "and as a matter of fact, I think it is much better *not to be beautiful.*"

Never before, we may interpolate, have we heard such-like words from the lips of a man or a maid.

"Beauty," said *Mae Marsh*, "is like a mask . . . At any moment the public, tiring of it, may rip it off to see what is underneath."

And here was Mae, crisp, reddish hair, honest eyes, sprinkle of freckles across a tip-tilted nose, utterly without make-up—*herself*.

"Beauty," said Miss Marsh, "is like a mask. Very frail. At any moment the Public, tiring of it, may rip it off to see what is underneath—and they may not care for what they find. Or there may be nothing to find. And another movie star 'drops out.' If a girl has no beauty to begin with, if she hasn't created an illusion by reason of hair or eyes or both, and if she still succeeds in spite of these lacks, she may be sure of her success. She *is* what she is, she gains what she gains, through sheer virtue of performance.

"It's personality, of course. Sometimes . . . it's Art.

"A plain girl may have a harder time to get a start. I admit that. I began when pictures were beginning. I don't know what I'd be up against if I were to begin fresh right now. But if a girl without beauty does make a start, which she can make only by proving her worth, she is on the straight road.

"Beauty is only skin deep, as all of us have heard and wear and tear and time and truth do strange things to the skin.

"You've got to get *under* the skin of the Public and you've got to have something under *your* skin to offer them.

"I'm glad that I'm not beautiful, for I know that I have friends."

It seemed to us an extraordinary statement, but the more we thought of it, the more we realized the eternal truth of the equation. Although beauty of face is a rare and priceless gift, it is the breeder in, oh, so many instances, of that hydra-headed monster, Envy, from which all women suffer in one form or another.

A woman who is beautiful gets the admiration of men, but does she usually win the affection and esteem of her own sex? Doesn't the very fact of her beauty, by isolating her from others less fortunately endowed, make her at once the object of envious malice? How many women are there who can find a genuine pleasure in the contemplation of another woman's beauty? They may do so from a distance, but once they become acquainted, the breach widens.

Thus it was that Mae Marsh counted the lack of beauty that brought her friends a rarer gift than the pulchritude that would have inspired envy.

SO FAR as the screen is concerned, we are free to admit that we'd rather be Maude Adams than certain decorative ladies we know; for the greatest appeal is the one based upon the pull of character, rather than of the pretty face.

For all these reasons we agree with Mae Marsh in her contention that the most enduring screen fame comes from natural charm rather than from an ornamental head piece.

How the Stars behave before the portrait camera

Richard Barthelmess, who *Mr. Albin* describes as being "without a semblance of pose."

By Charles Albin

Noted photographer discloses intimate details of his work in taking pictures of the famous screen stars

As related to Paul Rochester

PHOTOGRAPHING the stars sounds like a pretty tame pastime, if you take the phrase to mean pointing a camera at the heavens and getting a camera record of the little twinklers on high. But when you spend your lifetime photographing motion picture stars, you have the opportunity of meeting and studying a group of the most interesting folk in the world

Such is the life work of Charles Albin, whose camera studies are considered among the most artistic of all American photographers. Mr. Albin has met, photographed and studied many of the leading lights of the screen world, and he has met them under enviable circumstances, when they were at their ease, when they were not on show. His so blue and grey studio. with its big camera, its phonograph, its bits of statuary and its many striking photographs, has been the setting for their more intimate moods

"Motion picture artists are much easier to photograph than the ordinary individual," he told me. "You know, many people see a beautiful picture of a screen player and say: 'Oh, I wish I could get a picture like that, but I can't. I'm not good-looking enough.'

"As a matter of fact, an unposed snapshot of a movie actress would probably be as awkward and uninteresting as that of any woman in private life not used to sitting for pictures constantly. But almost without exception movie players have no preconceived ideas as to what they want.

"When Lillian Gish came into my studio last fall before she went to Italy to make 'The White Sister,' I asked her what she wanted to do.

"'Anything you say,' she replied.

"I had carte blanche, and I was able to work out my own ideas as I pleased. The result was most gratifying. The madonna studies were used in every high class publication in the country, including Movie Weekly, and I obtained some extraordinarily beautiful studies.

"Dick Barthelmess works in the same fashion. I had never met Dick until he came into my studio one day last winter.

"'Hello, Mr. Albin,' he greeted me, without a semblance of pose about him. 'What shall we do?'

"'I suppose you want some costume stuff?'

"'Yes,' he replied.

"'Well, jump into your things.'

COSTUME pictures mean character studies, and while Dick was putting on his clothes of the style of 1850, I selected a graceful old-fashioned melody to play on my phonograph. When he reappeared, we did not discuss poses. I watched him. I told him to sit down. He fell into a pleasing pose and I took a picture. That day I used over 50 plates, and with one exception, Dick placed himself entirely in my hands. The exception was an imitation daguerretype, one of those old-fashioned pictures with head high, knees stiff, hat in hand. Just before we snapped that pose, Dick had said: 'Let's try one of those old style things, eh?' He settled into the pose without a moment's hesitation.

"Dorothy Gish is an amazing study for a photographer. There are a dozen Dorothy Gishes. One, and the dominant one, is the comedienne, the roguish little girl with straw colored hair, a pout and all the pep in the world. But you can make Dorothy into anything you want. Say to her, 'Now look at that bust over there and say to it, 'I love you! I adore you! You are wonderful!' and a light will come into Dorothy's eyes that glorifies her. Put a wig on her and

(*Continued on page* 28)

Mary Astor, who always, according to *Mr. Albin.* does exactly as he says.

"There are a dozen *Dorothy Gishes,*" says *Charles Albin.* "You can make her anything you want."

It isn't what You Earn—it's what You Save

Survey of movie star's princely incomes reveals astonishing fact *that many are poor* despite big salaries

By Alma M. Talley

IT ISN'T what you earn, it's what you save—sounds just like a motto for a savings bank, doesn't it? Or an employer explaining to an employee why he doesn't need a raise.

But it's more than that; it's a thought of consolation to those of us who are managing to struggle along on less than a screen star's salary. All of us can't be rich, of course—if the money in the United States were divided equally we'd each get sixty-seven dollars, or some such noble sum, and what can you do with sixty-seven dollars? Unless, that is, you're a good crap shooter.

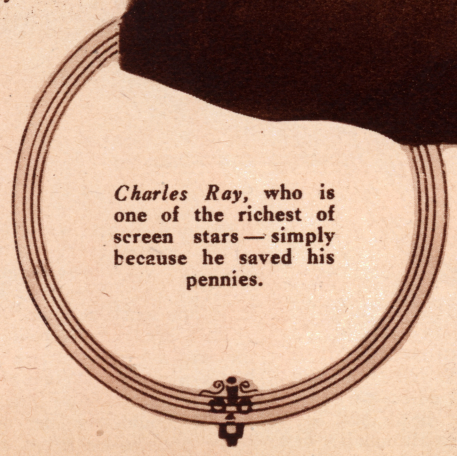
So, inasmuch as there aren't enough screen starry salaries to go around, the rest of us might just as well learn how to keep that smile that wins in spite of our modest financial positions. For, after all, it's what one saves that counts. Every dollar added to the bank account gives the well-known wolf another push off the doorstep, and it's easy to see what that leads too. By persistent saving, one should eventually have pushed the wolf so far that he'll be too out of breath ever to come back.

Now that, one would think, would be the case of a screen star. Obviously, it seems, if you were earning five thousand a week or even a mere three thousand, you could slap one thousand or so in the bank each pay day and never even know it was gone. If you missed it at all, you'd probably decide that you had spent it for ice cream sodas and forgot all about it. And there, at the end of the year, would be a tidy bank account all saved up in the most painless manner possible.

Whereas, if you try to save on twenty-five dollars a week, by putting one dollar of each pay envelope into the bank, it's strenuous business. It hurts. It hurts in a man's most sensitive spot—his pocketbook. Of course there is the irreducible minimum when it simply isn't possible to save a cent and live, but the minimum is never quite so large as people imagine.

And that is the real joker in this saving idea! The insidious feature about salary increases is that the more one's salary goes up, the more it seems to cost for living expenses. Each dollar added to a man's income raises his standard of living about two dollars' worth!

Mabel Normand is another screen star who believes in having money in the bank.



Charles Ray, who is one of the richest of screen stars — simply because he saved his pennies.

WHICH brings us right back to the screen star. For most of them, even if they do get five thousand dollar salaries, have ten thousand dollar ideas of how to spend it. It's remarkable how many celebrities die without a dollar to their names. Think of what they are called upon to spend! In the first place, they have a Position in Life—and you know what it means to have a Position in Life, all in capital letters like that! It means that you mustn't be seen washing your own windows or making your own hootch. If you do, the neighbors will begin to talk. "My, my," they will say, shaking their hands, "has it come to this that Miss Blankety Blank can't afford a bootlegger, but must make her own?"

That isn't good for Miss Blankety Blank's prestige. The saying is still true that nothing succeeds like success, though it's so trite we hardly have the nerve to spring it again.

AND THE same thing is true about the screen star's clothes. The very thought of clothes may bore her to death—we have in mind one especially well-dressed star of whom this is true—but she can't go about in the sweet little gingham gowns of her fancy. Everyone who sees her wants to be "knocked dead" by the sight, and it's up to her to knock 'em. Otherwise all the glamor falls right off, and what is a screen star without her glamor?

In the matter of a car, for instance. A Rolls-Royce is part of the star's background, and there has to be a chauffeur to match. Those cost money. Even if the star prefers to drive in a second hand Ford—though that doesn't seem exactly probable—she still has to think of her public!

And of course the star has to contribute to all kinds of charities. The world is just full of uplift "movements," all looking for donations—every little movement has a collection box of its own!

Besides all of which, there is the fact that screen

(*Continued on page* 30)

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"On the screen you are what your clothes make you!"

Dainty little star *of "Polly Preferred"* explains big part dress plays in making the *screen star feel the role* she portrays

By Courtenay Marvin

DO YOU know that the clothes you wear have a great effect upon your personality?

There is a great deal of truth in the old adage that fine feathers make fine birds, but perhaps the truth is a little different from anything you ever thought. If you've ever tried to play the part of a modern Cleopatra or Madame Pompadour, you know that the possibilities of a slinky gown, pendant earrings and a sleek coiffure are infinite. We've had a little experience along this line ourself, but it was not until last week that we learned just how it is possible for our girls of today, with the assistance of some of the accessories just enumerated, to change themselves into vamps that would do credit to the reign of King Tut. Now we know the real reason—the psychological one, if you please.

So, if you're the sweet girl graduate looking for her first job, or her little sister, whose hair is going up and whose skirts are coming down while she is vacationing this summer, this is for you.

Miss Genevieve Tobin gave us this tip about clothes when we were lunching with her in the restaurant that Mr. Fox provides for his players when they are busy on pictures.

says Genevieve Tobin

"When one dons a *Paris* gown," said *Miss Tobin*, "one immediately feels power and beauty."

WE HAD seen her last winter in the Broadway success, "Polly Preferred." In the first act she wore a shabby little black dress and hat. She had just lost her job in the chorus, and life generally seemed to have turned a cold shoulder toward her. But Fate played some queer pranks, as she has a way of doing, and with the advent of a fashionable wardrobe into our heroine's life, there arrive adoring swains, offers of movie contracts, and all the trimmings. All of which caused us to ponder upon the importance of one's clothes.

And with our mind thusly taxed, we climbed the stairs and entered the restaurant.

Over in the corner was Miss Tobin. Very demure and sweet she looked. And with her large grey eyes that seemed to hold worlds of wistfulness, she might have stepped from some old canvas into that very modern setting of a modern lunchroom of one of the most modern industries of the world. Her gold-brown hair was wound very simply about her head, and her little morning frock of white with small bunches of something in orchid seemed just the appropriate thing for her.

Immediately we asked her about one's clothes. Clothes, it seemed, were a fairly important part of one's equipment in screen work and we were anxious to know how Miss Tobin felt about it.

"Clothes have a greater influence upon the wearer than one thinks," she said very seriously. "Aside from the physical appearance, there is the mental effect to be considered. When one wears a drab affair, or rags as stage and movie parts sometimes demand, one unconsciously creates and emanates an atmosphere of mediocrity and poverty.

"And, of course, the opposite thing happens when one dons a Parisian gown. One immediately feels beauty and power, and gives just such an impression because of those thoughts and emotions.

"In 'Motherless,' in which I am now playing, I have the part of a young girl. I must appear very ingenue. I had to search and search until I could find a little frock that would help me portray just such a character. Finally I found it—a simple linen affair. Had I worn something not quite expressive of such a part, there would have been present a certain sense of discord, a lack of harmony, and I should have felt that in my work."

BY THIS time the soup had disappeared, and the salad had taken its place. We were hoping for more on the subject nearest to all feminine hearts. But, as we decided afterwards, there was indeed a world of wisdom in Miss Tobin's words.

We knew that Miss Tobin was playing in "Polly Preferred" evenings and working on her picture during the day, so we couldn't help asking wonderingly:

"Aren't you terribly busy—don't you become very tired with both stage and screen work at the same time?"

She seemed very dainty and fragile, but she answered very bravely and convincingly:

"Why no. You see, I love what I am doing. It is not work for me."

Then we remembered having heard that when she was a little girl she had a part in one of Mr. Fox's pictures. When that was finished, he told her to come back to him when she had grown up, and he would give her a part. And here is evidence of how he keeps his word. He is making good his promise to her, and she is making good in his picture.

The next time we go shopping for a frock, there is a lot for us to think about. What do we want to be? Well, we'll decide and try to purchase something that looks like we'd like to feel.

The Man who made the Movies Human

"We are facing a new era of the screen," said *Mr. Sullivan*, "that will probably see the development of the screen dramatist."

C. Gardner Sullivan, *best known scenario writer in America*, was pioneer in screen's school of naturalism

By David A. Balch

DO YOU remember the pictures — four, five, six years back —of Charles Ray? —"The Pinch Hitter," for one, that was all about a country boy who went away to college and was shunned by his associates and befriended by the waitress in a cheap restaurant? How he took her to a college dance and was waited upon by a delegation of students who demanded what he meant by bringing a waitress to their dance? And then how both the boy and the girl left in disgrace?

It was simple stuff, amazingly simple, but marvelously human and direct in its appeal to the heart. Afterwards, for a long period of time, we never wearied of asking folks when the movies were mentioned:

"But did you ever see Charles Ray in 'The Pinch Hitter?' Ah, there was a picture! . . .

Well—the other day we met the man who wrote it.

C. Gardner Sullivan is much the sort of person you would imagine *would* write a movie like "The Pinch Hitter." He is keen and gentle and shy, with the tolerant understanding of human frailty that endows his work so richly with the divine quality of sympathy. A certain simplicity of heart, moreover, holds it always to life as it is and not, as most of his impressionable co-workers interpret it, as it used to be in the fiction of three or four decades ago.

Mr. Sullivan, who is now scenario chief of the Joseph Schenck Studios, and the arbiter of the screen material that will serve as forthcoming vehicles for Norma and Constance Talmadge, had come East for a brief visit—his first in quite a number of years.

We met him in the lobby of the Hotel Gotham, where he was staying, and for a delightful hour we talked with him about the screen—past and present—and of how much might yet be done to make the movies better.

"Individually, Mr. Sullivan," we told him flatly, "we think you have done more than any other person to perfect the craftsmanship of the scenario to what it is today."

He looked embarrassed.

"Well, thank you," he said nervously. "I'm afraid that's not much, though, in many cases," he added with a wry smile. "I've been seeing some pretty bad pictures lately."

"We know," we added. "We *go* to the movies, too."

"I don't mean by this," he continued quickly, "to offer any gratuitous criticism of other people's work. That is not my business, and it wouldn't really be in good taste. I only spoke as I did in reply to what you said about my influencing the prevailing mode of screen technique. In justice to myself," he added with a laugh, "I must disclaim at least some of the sponsorship."

"Why is it," we asked, "that most of them are so bad?—so ghastly bad? Who is to blame for it?"

He looked straight ahead of him for a moment, from the settee on which we both sat, turning finally with a deprecating smile.

"I suppose, because I am a scenario writer, that I would place the blame on the story—the much abused story that we hear so much about."

HERE was an opportunity, we thought, to get something authoritative on a subject that was an old favorite, and we pressed him keenly.

"What is wrong with the stories, Mr. Sullivan?" we asked, for it seemed to us that he, of all persons, should know. And we weren't wrong, either.

"Why," he began slowly, with a shy, quizzical frown, "most of them aren't particularly human. They translate life into something other than what it precisely is, and this, of course, doesn't strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the spectators."

"That's a very charitable definition of their authors' methods," we observed dryly.

"Well," he continued earnestly, "their authors are striving their best to give the public what they think it wants. Perhaps," he went on slowly, "the trouble lies there. If they wrote to please themselves—the simple, intimate, human sort of thing that anyone will recognize, as the problems of his or her heart—either yesterday or today, their pictures might be better. At least," he added hastily, "better according to *my* liking."

"And ours," we agreed heartily. "It makes us think of those early Charlie Ray stories you did. We wish there were more like them nowadays."

Mr. Sullivan nodded with a slow, appreciative smile.

"Charlie Ray is a great artist," he remarked quietly.

(*Continued on page 28*)

Princess' story more startling than any Movie Heroine's

Russian noblewomen who fled native land when *Bolsheviki* came into power is now playing part in "*The Brass Bottle*"—Recounts her experiences

By Cora Blashfield

AND THE bad fairies bound the beautiful princess, and threw her into prison!

So they did. Hob-nailed fairies they were, the Russian Bolshevik.

Her name is Princess Valdemar; she is really very lovely with her large blue eyes, her wealth of golden brown hair, her lovely figure.

But the good fairies of picturedom have liberated her. She is playing a role in Maurice Tourneur's "Brass Bottle."

She can hardly speak of the awful past; even yet. Her eyes fill with tears and she shudders, though she tries to be bravely matter-of-fact. She is playing the role of a slave girl, and I sought her out from among her fellow players, the other day.

Her father executed before her eyes. Her mother thrown from a prison window while she watched. Her brother lost in the maelstrom of Russia. Her husband of two hours hurried away to service in the navy, to be drowned without ever returning to her arms. Arrested by her own father, with her mother and brother, and carried away to prison. Released, half clad, from prison, to wander through the snow to a railroad station a score of miles away. Penniless, alone, in three years of wandering through Siberia and the Orient.

Princess Valdemar, wife of *Russian* nobleman, who fled *Russia* and is now a movie actress.

"On the day of my wedding," said the *Princess*, "a summons came for my husband from the *Government* . . . I never saw him again."

This, in brief, is the story of the Princess, who lately joined the colony of Russian refugees in Los Angeles and is now trying her luck ir pictures.

"Mother and I were always very close," she said to me, while her lip trembled, though she strove to keep calm in her recital. "We went through so much together! . . . Father was a colonel in a Cossack regiment of the Imperial Guard. Ah, how that cruel war broke into families—set them one against another! Mother was a political revolutionist as long back as I can remember. Father was loyal to the old regime—at least he was for a time.

"It was at the time of the beginning of the war that I met my husband. We fell in love at once. He was Prince Valdemar Valkonsky. We were married. We were to be so happy—to go to his country estate, where, my husband said, nothing could happen to us.

BUT ON the very day of our wedding, two hours after the ceremony, when we were in the midst of the wedding feast, came a summons from the Government to serve in the navy! What a shock it was—right in the midst of our merriment and happiness! He clasped me in his arms. I tried to be brave and to help him prepare for his departure. The guard was there and kept hurrying us up. We got no chance to embrace alone, to really become each other's. He hurried away. He turned his brave face toward me as he left . . . I shall never forget that. I never saw him again to speak to him!

"One day I heard his company was to be passing through Petrograd! How I rushed down the street to catch a glimpse of him—perhaps to speak to him! And he saw me! But he could not stop. He had to march on. I saw how deep his love and sorrow were in that look he gave me.

"I never saw him again! But from some sailors, later, I learned that he had been drowned doing his duty in a naval battle.

"Mother and I were shortly afterward arrested as revolutionists. It was my own father who made the arrest! It was his duty. He shed tears as he led us off to prison. I think it was his love for us that finally won him over to the Kerensky cause. He held out a long time. But when mother was killed, that was too much for him.

"That was too terrible, my mother's death! From my prison cell I saw her thrown from a window at Ekaterenberg prison and carried away unconscious. It was months before I heard anything concerning her. Then I found that my beloved mother had died in a London hospital, to which she had managed to escape.

"Mother's death brought my father and me closer together. He joined the revolutionary cause. But he paid with his life. I saw him executed—shot against a wall!"

Two months later the Princess escaped, bribing the guards of her prison with jewels and clothes until she was left nearly naked. Undaunted, she

(*Continued on page* 28)

Male Vamps I have known

By Claire Windsor

Charming young screen star who is betrothed to well known singer, *tells what she knows* about *he-vamps*

An interview with Grace Kingsley

Valentino, according to *Miss Windsor*, is a one-woman man.

Lew Cody, who, as *Claire Windsor* says, is as kind-hearted as any *Sunday School* teacher.

"The worst he-vamps," said *Miss Windsor*, "are not of the stage or screen."

PEOPLE are always talking about the vampires, meaning women, but I think there are far more he-vamps than there are she-vamps in the world! And they are more heartless, too! Yes, women are more vamped against than vamping!"

That's what Claire Windsor said, that day, when, looking exquisitely beautiful in her new white Lucille gown, euphoniously named That's It—you see, Lucille feels so much affection for her creations that she names them all—and her white Lucille hat, we journeyed together down to Grauman's Metropolitan, where John Steel was singing. He does sing love songs adorably, and they do say he sings them all the better when he has Claire Windsor as an inspiration, out there in the audience.

We sighed romantically as John finished, "Love Brings a Little Gift of Roses," and then went on with our interview, while we awaited the coming of John to Miss Windsor's Kissel car, in which we were going to give him the air—oh, literally, of course—between shows.

"Well, of course you don't mean John Steel, do you?" I asked.

WELL, no, she didn't, Miss Windsor admitted. John was an exception. He was reserved, didn't bother about vamping women at all. They were quite crazy about him, though, but he just didn't bother with them at all. Sometimes women ran up to him, after a concert, and kissed his hands, but even that didn't win him.

Just then John Steel appeared. He doesn't look a bit like the regulation tenor. He might be a shrewd, conservative lawyer. Miss Windsor blushed beautifully when he appeared—so that I thought I never saw anybody look so lovely.

"What kind of a he-vamp are you?" Miss Windsor asked him piquantly. "Remember, you are talking for publication!"

John grinned. When John grins, he looks very engaging and boyish.

"Am I one?" he demanded. Then he sobered down, and his eyes became a bit dreamy.

"Well, sometimes, you know," he said, "one meets a personality that seems sweet right through and through. It's only once in a while you feel that way about a person——"

He broke off boyishly, and Miss Windsor blushed again.

"Just remember you haven't answered our question!" demanded Claire.

But he had nothing at all to say on the subject.

We deposited him presently to have his malted milk at the Pig 'n Whistle, and Miss Windsor and I drove away.

"I guess he must have vamped me with his music!" declared Claire. "You see, I'm quite mad about music myself. I studied voice and

(*Continued on page* 30)

You're No Fool

William Haines and *Eleanor Boardman* supply the youthful romance in *"Three Wise Fools."*

"Human Wreckage" with Mrs. Wallace Reid, *"Peter the Great"* and Buster Keaton's *"Day Dreams"* among other pictures of the week reviewed

By Lewis F. Levenson

"THREE WISE FOOLS"
Top Notch Film Drama

"Three Wise Fools" resembles "The Famous Mrs. Fair" in that it is another play which has been brought to the screen without the loss of a single bit of dramatic value. In fact, we believe that the screen version of "Three Wise Fools" is better than the play, because it not only puts over all the little comedy and character stuff of the play, but it shows the dramatic sequences connected with the escape of the villain from prison, something impossible on the stage.

The credit must go to two persons for this most satisfactory film. One is June Mathis, the continuity writer, who has built up the story until it fairly spins toward a climax. The other is King Vidor, who is rarely awarded his just dues as one of the best of our directors. Mr. Vidor showed his knowledge of direction first in "The Jack Knife Man," one of the most delightful of all films. That he has lost no whit of his ability to make his characters human is proved by this picture.

Here we have three rich old men, played by Claude Gillingwater, William H. Crane and Alec Francis, all of whom give carefully studied performances. The three old men are lonely. They are in a rut. A girl, the daughter of an old sweetheart of the trio, becomes their ward. Suddenly they find themselves in the midst of melodramatic events. A criminal, sentenced to prison by the old judge—one of the three—escapes, vowing vengeance. The girl, now beloved by all, appears to be implicated.

Such is the basis of the story, one which contains humor, drama, and plenty of action.

The cast contains many well-known names. John Sainpolis, who has won many hearts as a stage actor, gives his usual finished performance as John Crawshay, the girl's father. The girl is Eleanor Boardman, who continues to show remarkable progress toward a leading place among the stars. Opposite her is William Haines, a newcomer, who is satisfactory.

Craig Biddle, Jr., the millionaire actor, is an interesting figure in a minor role, and he has for company in similar minor roles, Creighton Hale and Raymond Hatton.

"Three Wise Fools" has the rare quality of combining a tricky plot with genuine characters. It is decidedly well worth seeing.

Bessie Love as a drug addict, with *Mrs. Wallace Reid*, in *"Human Wreckage."*

"HUMAN WRECKAGE"
Wallace Reid's Final Word

"Human Wreckage" is the work of Dorothy Davenport, who, in private life, is Mrs. Wallace Reid. It is a story of the drug addict, of his terrible struggles, of the odds against which he has to fight and of the means which he employs to obtain his precious drug.

It has been produced interestingly and with considerable power. From the movie point of view, it is decidedly compelling, depicting as it does a human problem which has many tragic implications.

The players are all first rate, capable men and women of the screen. The direction is adequate, and the story, necessarily not built wholly for dramatic effect, but rather as an exposition of a great evil, has its merit.

Thus, as a movie, it is good entertainment, despite the fact that it may appear to be unnecessarily horrible to those who don't go to theatres for horrors, but who prefer pleasanter entertainment.

The cast is headed by James Kirkwood, formerly the brilliant star of "The Fool," the most sensational play of the year. Mr. Kirkwood plays the difficult role of a drug addict with power. Mrs. Reid has a simple part, that of the wife of the addict. Bessie Love does the best work of her career as another of the victims of drugs. George Hackathorne stands out in a clear-cut role, another step upward for this rising young actor.

The story was written by C. Gardner Sullivan, who has obtained good results with a difficult theme.

If you are in danger of succumbing to the lure of drugs, "Human Wreckage" may help you. The chances are, however, that it won't do you a great deal of good.

"PETER THE GREAT"
Another Jannings Triumph

Again the great German actor, Emil Jannings, creates a living, fluid role such as no American screen actor has ever brought to the screen. This time as Peter the Great, the Russian Czar, who opened up the vast Slavic empire to western European ideas, he reproduces an historical figure with amazing accuracy.

We are informed by an artist who is familiar with period paintings that Jannings has never failed to endow each of his historical roles with every little detail of the true man. His Henry VIII, for instance, stepped out of a Holbein canvas; his Louis XV of "Passion" was the decadent French monarch, mincing step, roguish eyes, to the dot; his Danton was that robust revolutionary in every gesture. And now, his Peter is again a living man, cruel, wise, fickle in love, brave, far-sighted.

The picture of Peter's life is necessarily chopped up into episodes. When there is so much to relate, the screen cannot linger, but must jump over details. Yet we get a full picture of Peter and his times, and above all of his love affair with that Catherine the camp-follower, who was later to become Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia.

This latter part is in the hands of Dagny Servaes, best remembered by American movie fans for her work in "Wives of Pharaoh." Miss Servaes is beautiful in the German sense; that is to say, she is all curves, but hers are delightful

If You Like "Three Wise Fools!"

curves, which would have enchanted our fathers and which have still many charms for us. Moreover, Miss Servaes also knows how to act. And, thank heaven, she is decidedly not a flapper.

The only slightly villainous villain of the film is Bernhard Goetzke, as Menchikov, the Prime Minister, a stony-faced actor who played an extra role in "Passion."

"Peter the Great" is full of big scenes, especially the battle of Pultava. It is produced lavishly. Its rich, warm lighting adds much to its power, and one arresting tableau after another flits before the eyes.

The director is that Dimitri Buchowetzki who has already given us "Gypsy Blood" and "Danton," and who seems to rank only second to the great Lubitsch as Germany's best.

"Peter the Great" is heavy fare. Yet a crowded audience applauded it noisily in the Broadway theatre where it was first shown in America, proving that Americans do have some taste for fine films.

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"DAY DREAMS"
Another Keaton Satire

Buster Keaton has gone both forward and backward in "Day Dreams." His advance is made by his story, which is a satire on the typical story of the young man who goes to the big city to make his fortune, returning home later to win The Girl. His backward step is accomplished by his use of several chase scenes dating from the prehistoric days of motion pictures and employing all the once humorous tricks of that period.

If it weren't for these chase scenes, "Day Dreams" would be a delicious film. The youth goes to town and writes long letters to his sweetheart, in which he boasts of his good fortune and success. He tells her he is "cleaning up," but forgets to add "streets." He writes that he stands in with the police, but fails to add that he is standing in a court room with several husky officers. Meantime, the girl, reading the letters, imagines that her lover has become a great man in the city. We see her thoughts and then the ridiculous truth.

And finally Buster returns home by parcel post, ragged and battered. Again an unhappy ending to a comedy!

Although "Day Dreams" is not one of Keaton's best, it is far above the level of the average comedy. And we must congratulate Buster again for his adherence to the idea that two-reel comedies are better than six-reel so-called comedies. Keaton wisely knows that laughs cannot be sustained for longer than two reels. "Day Dreams" proves he has the right idea.

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"THE LIFE OF A CUCKOO"
The First Bird Drama

This, we suppose, might be kicked downstairs with the epithet, "an educational one reeler." As matter of fact, it is a real drama, not a human one, but real nonetheless.

The cuckoo, you know, is a lazy bird, so lazy that it will not build its own nest. Instead, it looks around for some suitable nest built by a smaller bird, into which it drops its egg.

A little later the egg becomes a cuckoo chick. In this picture the cuckoo is born in the nest of a titlark. It grows rapidly, and as it grows, it decides that it doesn't want to share the nest which its own mother was too lazy to build for herself with other titlarks. It wants the entire attention of its foster titlark mother. So it kicks out the little titlarks.

Ten days later it has grown so big that it is several times the size of its foster mother, and we see the remarkably lazy cuckoo with its little foster mother sitting on its back, or dashing down to find a juicy worm to slip into the lazy cuckoo's mouth.

All of this wonderful little nature story is shown in the film called "The Life of a Cuckoo." Four years were required to film the story, which is complete and acted without the slightest trace of camera consciousness by cuckoos and titlarks. We rather like the villainous cuckoo, with its selfish ways and his self-satisfaction. The poor duped titlark is so dumb that she becomes foolish, but then humans are just as foolish.

A good title for this picture would have been "The Gold Digger," for that is what a cuckoo is.

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And while on the subject of nature pictures, a word about "Ivan the Great," which is not a story about a Russian Emperor, but a simple, homely drama in which a big brown bear plays the lead and other smaller bears play minor roles.

Taken in Alaska by Howard McCracken, it shows what wonderful animal stories can be produced without the use of a single human actor. The Ivan of this picture is a burly fighter, a hearty eater and his home life with his wife and cubs makes a fascinating idyll.

The superb *Dagny Servaes*, the dagger-eyed *Bernard Goetzke*, and *Emil Jannings*, in *"Peter the Great."*

The chorus boy is none other than *Buster Keaton* in *"Day Dreams,"* his latest picture.

LLOYD HUGHES
appearing in
"Are You a Failure?"

VIRGINIA VALLI
appearing in
"A Lady of Quality"

"Norma Talmadge is Completely Normal," says DeSola

Character expert examines *Norma's* features and finds that *she possesses remarkable balance* —"Great common sense" her richest asset

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physignomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

Norma Talmadge

CHARACTER READING: *This is a face of exceptional balance, with all the features in character-harmony. It is uncomplex, stamped with affection, loyalty, and emotional depth. Sentiment is present, as are practicality and common sense. Pride, little introspection, and certain limitations of viewpoint are to be deduced from the features.*

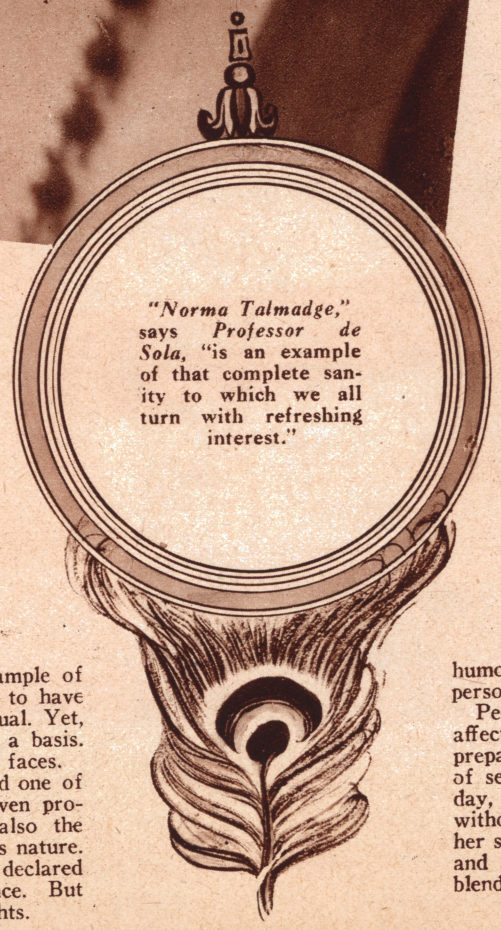
THE SERIES of screen star's faces which I read from week to week, points out to me, at any rate, the fact that most of them seem to possess certain traits in common.

This statement is perhaps true of all professions, since to be successful in a particular calling implies an aptitude for it, and a special aptitude is likely to be the result of special characteristics.

Theatre people are at once an exception to and an example of this rule. In order to attract a wide attention each has to have a personality sharp, distinct, and arresting—utterly individual. Yet, underlying that, are group traits which all must have as a basis. For instance, almost all have a sense of balance in their faces.

Beauty or good looks is necessary for their success, and one of the principles of beauty is harmony of feature, and an even proportion and relationship between the features. It is also the principle, physiognomically, of the balanced and harmonious nature.

It is therefore easy to see why I have frequently declared player after player to be possessed of a fine sense of balance. But in Norma Talmadge this quality rises to remarkable heights.



"Norma Talmadge," says Professor de Sola, "is an example of that complete sanity to which we all turn with refreshing interest."

So modulated is this nature, so graduated in its physical, mental, and emotional sides, and so perfectly blended, that Miss Talmadge could afford to add the letter, "l," to her first name. There is nothing erratic in her character, either superficially or in its latent aspect. She is an example of that complete sanity to which we all turn with refreshing interest from the foibles, oddities, and cryptic departures of the lives we find about us.

This, it seems to me, is the secret of her long and firm hold upon her large public. Competent as she is as an actress, her appeal, nevertheless, lies in her freedom from all erratic quality, in her great common sense, quiet as this trait seems, there are very few people who can compete with her here. She brings a note of cool peace to the hectic world of the films.

HER BROW shows a due amount of reflection and perceptive strength, perfectly weighted. The chin and jaws in combination with the upper lip show her to be possessed of a requisite amount of strength and will-force, enough to win respect, yet not enough to deny her femininity in any manner. There is some aggression present, but this is not over-accented.

Her eyes are emotional, but the emotional side of the nature is counterbalanced by an analytical and cautious mentality, rather than by the weaker safeguard of some unusual humor, as seems to be the case with most emotional persons.

Persistence is indicated, and great love of simple affection. This is the character of one who is not prepared to make only a spectacular and rare sacrifice of self, but who is quite willing to sacrifice, day after day, anything necessary for those whom she loves, without thought of reward, or the slightest desire that her sacrifice be known. The face has maternal quality, and seeks ideals. There is practicality present which blends with the idealism without contradictions.

(*Continued on page* 30)

"An actor should marry —only for love," says Warner Baxter

Popular young leading man of the screen says that *matrimony for the movie star* would otherwise become intolerable

By Grace Greenwood

"I believe all actors should ultimately marry," said *Mr. Baxter*, "and, if possible, have homes."

SHOULD an actor ever marry for aught except love?

No, says Warner Baxter, Robertson-Cole's new star. No, emphatically no. Actors, as a usual thing, are true to themselves in this. But if they step aside and marry a non-professional for wealth or social position, they almost invariably fail as actors.

"And the actor shouldn't marry at all until he feels he cannot live without the girl. The friendship of several women is needed to make an actor understand life."

Baxter is the handsome new star who is due to break out any minute now in his first starring vehicle, "Blow Your Own Horn."

Male stars seem to be coming into their own these days. You hear of three male stars to one feminine one being "made" these days. Too many feminine stars were made in a hurry for a while there. The public grew suspicious of them. Then, too, the disappearance of Valentino and the death of Wallace Reid caused the demand for new male stars.

But after all, it is the public that makes stars, and Baxter has proven so popular in a number of leading roles in pictures that R-C recently gave him a fine contract.

Personally I've watched the career of this young actor since his stock days. So when I went over to the studio to get a formal interview, we both laughed.

"Look here, Grace," he said. "If you were just somebody else, I could talk eloquently about the future of moving pictures, the art of acting, and all that, and——"

"Don't try to highbrow me!" I interrupted. "Just tell me some human interest stuff. That's what the public wants. Besides, didn't I know you when you were in a little stock company, and——"

"Hold! Hold! Mercy!" cried Baxter, in mock dismay.

WELL, then, tell me your ideas on love and marriage for an actor," I commanded. And that's when he told me what he really thought and believed about the actor marrying.

"I believe all actors should ultimately marry and, if possible, have homes," said Baxter. "But there are so many temptations to him to let his affections wander, that he should be very sure of himself. I do not say that an actor should marry into the profession. but I do say that he should be sure to marry a woman of congenial tastes. He should never marry a woman who doesn't understand and sympathize with his artistic aims and outlook. Many actors have married non-professionals and have been very happy.

"An actor needs a home. He needs it as a retiring place from the world's noise to get back his perspective. He needs it as a place in which to rear his children. He should have children! No experience is so broadening and deepening as having children of one's own. His wife should be a home lover, not a cafe bum!"

BAXTER did not start out life as an actor. There are no other actors in his family. His father was a banker in Columbus, Ohio, and didn't want his son to be an actor. But Warner saw a play or two when he was seven years old, and always thereafter wanted to join the profession. As a mere kid of fourteen, he used to put on shows in his native town.

"Every time the sewing circle at the Congregational Church needed a new chair in the church parlor, or whenever the pipe organ needed fixing, I put on a show and raised the money to supply the need," smiled the actor, as he sat down on the chaise longue in Derelys Perdue's set at the studio, and lit his pipe. "It was when producing and acting in these shows that I was perfectly happy. To please my father, I went into the bank, but hated the routine."

(*Continued on page* 31)

"If Winter Comes" BECOMES A MOVIE

Popular novel is tranferred to the screen with *Percy Marmont* as Mark Sabre and *Ann Forrest* as Nona

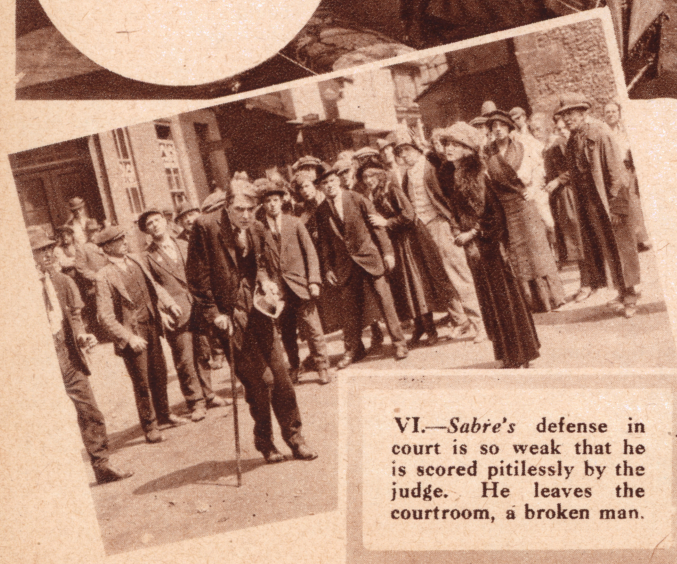
I.—*Mark Sabre* (*Percy Marmont*), an *English* gentleman, is not appreciated in his own home except by *High Jinks* and *Low Jinks*, the two maids.

II.—His wife, *Mabel* (*Margaret Fielding*), no longer cares for him, and so makes his home life wretched because of her disapproval.

III.—*Mark* is called upon to face the problem of *Effie*, their former maid, who returns, an outcast, to seek the *Sabres'* protection.

IV.—When *Mark* insists on giving shelter to *Effie* (*Gladys Walton*) and her child, *Mabel* suspects the worst and divorces him.

V.—*Effie*, feeling herself the cause of her benefactor's unhappiness, commits suicide. The circumstances are such that he is tried for her murder.



VI.—*Sabre's* defense in court is so weak that he is scored pitilessly by the judge. He leaves the courtroom, a broken man.

VII.—But *Lady Nona* (*Ann Forest*), who has believed in his innocence throughout and loves him, comes to his rescue.

"Studio life more normal than stage" says Ben Lyon

Popular young leading man *compares Kleigs with footlights* and finds *screen work more natural* than the spoken drama

By Ruth Mabrey

ARE YOU screen struck or stage struck? Because, the chances are, unless you're a very unusual person, or unless you've outgrown such ambitions, you're either one or the other or both—probably both!

And nowadays, when a girl can take her choice, at least in her day dreams, between a movie and a stage career, it's rather a problem to decide which she prefers. Which is more interesting, which more satisfying, the footlights or the Kleigs?

Ben Lyon, who has just transferred his professional activities from the stage to the screen, prefers the studio!

"Studio life is much more normal," said Mr. Lyon, recently the leading man in "Mary the Third" on the stage, and still more recently the juvenile lead in "Potash and Perlmutter" on the screen.

And, fans, just between ourselves, if ever there was a handsome leading man—well, here's his picture right on this page to prove it!

"Don't you miss the glamor of the footlights?" we asked him at luncheon the other day at the Algonquin.

"To a certain extent, I suppose," said he, with a pronounced Southern drawl—he's from Georgia—"but the way pictures are taken now, with an orchestra, makes a great deal of difference. You know, it seems to me that an orchestra somehow takes the place of the audience."

"Screen work is much more satisfactory," said *Mr. Lyon*, "than stage work. You get up when the rest of the world is getting up and have the same working hours."

WE COULDN'T quite see why that should be so unless the musicians made up the audience!

"The music seems to provide the same sort of impetus that an audience does," he explained.

"But how about all the waiting necessary in the making of a picture?" we ventured, having known what it is to spend an eternity in an hour or so about the studio, during the taking of a picture.

"That isn't especially pleasant, of course, but even so, I think the advantages are with screen work rather than with appearing on the stage. I tried playing in pictures and on the stage at the same time for a while as lots of other actors do, but that's too much of a good thing. Money isn't that important! It was out of the question for me to work all day and half the night and get along on a few hours' sleep every night.

"It seems to me that screen work is much more satisfactory in general than playing on the stage is. It's much more normal. You get up when the rest of the world is getting up and have the same working hours. When evening comes, you're through with the day's work—except in unusual cases. You feel so much more like a human being—I'm speaking only for myself, of course.

"When you play on the stage, your work is just beginning when the rest of the world is through for the day and out seeking amusement. It makes you feel that your life is entirely different from that of the world at large.

SO FOR that reason I say I prefer work at the studio—it's a more normal method of living. Though that doesn't mean, of course, that I am through with the stage; I love them both."

Just now, however, Mr. Lyon seems to be destined for screen work, temporarily. At least, he has just gone to Hollywood and our guess is that very soon fans will be asking about the handsome new leading man. Or perhaps some of the fans remember him in "The Heart of Maryland," a few years ago. If not, they'll see him soon in "Potash and Perlmutter."

"I had to let my hair grow for 'Potash and Perlmutter,'" said Mr. Lyon, "and the back of my neck feels almost cold now that I've had it cut short again."

"That's something we've always wondered about," we said. "Isn't it embarrassing for an actor to walk around looking like a member of 'The House of David?' It always seemed like a possible subject for an interview—How It Feels To Be an Actor With Long Hair."

"After a while one gets used to it," Mr. Lyon replied. "And all your friends, of course, know why it's long. The thing I minded most about it in 'Potash and Perlmutter' was that I had to have it curled every morning. Nothing can make a man feel more foolish than having to have his hair curled! But I discovered that washing it made it just as fluffy, and it certainly was much simpler.

"'Potash and Perlmutter' has a good cast," he commented, "Vera Gordon, Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr, Martha Mansfield—but Ben Lyon," he added, laughing.

We looked up in surprise

I WAS thinking of the story," Mr. Lyon explained, "of the American actor who went to England to play in a picture and asked to be featured in the cast. 'What do you mean by *featured?*' asked the English director.

"'Why,' said the actor, 'in America we have stars and featured players. The picture is advertised like this: Sally Buttercup *in* "The Winning Chip," with George Jones?'

"'Why not,' said the director, 'Sally Buttercup in "The Winning Chip," *but* George Jones?'"

"Well, we won't put any 'but' before your name," we assured him, as the waiter brought our ice cream and Mr. Lyon some peaches and cream.

Isn't it most appropriate, by the way, that a gentleman from Georgia should order peaches for dessert! Nothing like helping along home industries!

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Is Larry Semon Engaged?

Is Larry Semon engaged to be married? Or is it possible that he is already married? Everybody is gossiping about the matter. Coletta Ryan, anyway, is the girl.

Miss Ryan and Mr. Semon were great pals, back in Chicago, where Miss Ryan is appearing in a show. It became noised about that the two were engaged, if not actually married.

Not so long ago, Semon was announced engaged to his leading lady, Lucille Carlisle, but that seems definitely off now, and nobody seems to know where Miss Carlisle is.

When asked whether he was engaged to Miss Ryan, all Larry would say was, "You flatter me." But he showed a photograph of the lady with an endearing message printed on it. So that's that.

The Leather Pusher Pushes a Suit

Reginald Denny is awfully mad. Here he's a regular he-man, yet a certain beauty parlor in Los Angeles is announcing him as a massage addict! Than which, says Denny, nothing could be more insulting to a leatherpusher.

So Reginald has sued the company for $75,000 damages. If he has any beauty, he says, it's his own.

Asked about the matter, Denny answered:

"Here I've been doing fighting roles for months, and now the silly rotters have branded me as a cake-eater. It's quite disgusting, what? Since that blawsted magazine has printed that picture of me, I've been given the razzberry incessantly. It's quite annoying. And I've received dozens of letters from chappies who use stuff for their faces!

"Now I just won't stand it. The blighters must pay, eh, what?"

A brilliant future is predicted for little *Bunny Wain*, the first *Canadian* child in *American* pictures. He is only four years old, but has already captivated the hearts of producers and stars. He recently played in the *Paramount* picture, *"Hollywood."*

Sisterly Love in the Flugrath Family

Talk about sisterly love, even between stars—well, it really does exist. Just ask Viola Dana and her sister, Edna Flugrath, if you don't believe me.

It was this way. Viola had a new picture about to be produced in which there was a sister role. But the sister was an enemy sister. And Edna said, no, she wouldn't even play she was an enemy to her sister in a picture. So the story was changed to make the sister role a sympathetic one.

Perhaps Edna has a complex that refused to allow her to be any sort of an enemy to her sister, even a professional one! At any rate, supporting this theory is the story that Viola Dana tells of her sister.

"When I was a little girl, I hated limburger cheese," explained Viola, "but the rest of the family liked it. One day, just to tease me, Edna grabbed me and stuffed my mouth full of the hated cheese. It made me very ill, but Edna never professed the slightest repentance about her naughty deed. But when I was ill with pneumonia, a couple of years ago, mother told me that Edna—they were both in England at the time—used to cry, and say, 'Oh, mother, and to think I never told Vi I was sorry about the cheese!' We laugh over it now, but Edna really felt it very deeply that she had once been unkind and hadn't ever told me she was sorry!"

Mrs. Reid to Crusade Permanently

Mrs. Wallace Reid is going most earnestly at work in the anti-dope crusade, in connection with her picture, "Human Wreckage." She accompanied the picture east, and will lecture before women's clubs in all the larger cities.

"It is from the women's clubs that we can expect the greatest support," she said, when asked about the manner in which people were cooperating with her. It is said that Mrs. Reid may permanently array herself in the interests of the anti-dope crusade by lecturing and producing pictures along this line.

Will Rogers Wanted No Brass Band Greeting

Nobody except his wife got a chance to greet Will Rogers when he arrived in Los Angeles. The noted humorist and Follies star telegraphed ahead that he was feeling rather under the weather, and not quite up to brass bands. So his wife went out to Pasadena in the family limousine and brought him to their Beverly Hills home.

Rogers has begun work on his first picture under his contract with Hal Roach.

Margaret Landis Sued for Divorce

Now it is Margaret Landis, sister of Cullen Landis, who is being sued by her husband, Bertram Bracken, the director, for a divorce. Bracken and Miss Landis were married in 1921. They lived together happily and were considered an ideal couple. Nevertheless, Bracken alleges that his wife deserted him a few months ago.

Flo Hart to Play in English Pictures

Flo Hart, Kenneth Harlan's divorced wife, has decided to take a trip to Europe. It is reported that she will play in Eglish films and also appear on the stage over there.

Perkins gets a Set-Back

The second instalment of *"Perkins' Predicament"* in which the man who tried to commit suicide meets a screen vampire and changes his mind about dying

By Lee Brown

The story so far:

Disillusioned with life, O. P. Perkins decides to end it all in the black waters of the East River. He is poised upon one of the girders that span Brooklyn Bridge, prepared to leap out into the darkness, when a voice hails him. A man is asking to borrow a match. Perkins pauses in his design and is at length induced by the stranger to postpone his suicide until the latter can arrange to have it done before a motion picture camera. Perkins is at last persuaded to accompany the stranger to the movie studio for which he is press agent. There, after he had commenced work, he suddenly came face to face with Norma Angel, the company's twenty-four carat vampire.

FOUR hours later, O. P. Perkins was emerging from the grease paint in his dressing-room, and reflecting upon the incidents of the day. He had always wondered what screen vampires were really like, and now that he had seen one of the most notorious of them all, at close range, he was disappointed. He had assumed she would be a sinewy brunette with snaky eyes; but she turned out to be an entirely different type. With her golden brown hair, and eyes that quarrelled with all of his pre-conceived notions of a vampire's sinister gaze, he had at first thought the moving picture people must have been completely crazy to select her for the parts she played. Then he had seen her turn from an angel into a seductive and conscienceless demon while acting her part with one of the other men of the play. And he had understood. Here was the most destructive type of woman Nature could possibly create—one whose innate wickedness was treacherously disguised by a superficial appearance of honesty that would disarm suspicion completely.

Small wonder she had horrified many an audience in America, for to them she must at first have seemed so much like the daughters of their own most prominent citizens that, when she finally revealed her hidden nature, it was like lightning striking terribly near your own home. She would shake your faith in your own best friend. There could be no doubt of her being evil to the core—why, otherwise, would the wicked roles in all the plays have gravitated naturally toward her since her first appearance in a studio—why would she care to play these parts so persistently, and so fiendishly well, if they did not come as second nature to her? Obviously these moving picture people could spot human nature at the first glance. She struck him as being a little haughty in her attitude toward the rest of the company—at least she had walked in as though expecting as her natural right the homage that all paid her, but he would not have thought of these traits as having a bearing on her real character if he had not known her to be a vamp.

In Perkins' own life, now, there had been a girl named Marjorie. A deep brunette was Marjorie—quite different from Norma Angel—he sighed audibly at the thought of how different they really were.

At which point, the press agent, whose name, I have somehow failed to admit, was Horace Greeley Jackson, and who at times was capable of delivering protracted orations upon honesty in journalism, burst into the dressing-room humming the Toreador Song, the national anthem of press agents.

"Great stuff, Perkins!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. By gad, you'd make a hit at this game if you wanted to stick to acting! I don't want to make you change your mind, but I swear I believe Miss Angel is half gone on you already, man. Heard her say she'd give anything to have a man like you really commit suicide on her account."

***Perkins* had always wondered what screen vampires were really like. Now . . . he was disappointed.**

PERKINS assured him there was no danger of changing his mind, and asked if the copy for the newspaper story had been prepared yet.

"You bet it has!" replied Horace G. with a broad grin. He plunged into his brief case and, coming up with a handful of typewritten material, "S'what I came in for," he chattered on, "want you to look it over. Your letter to Miss Angel starts on the second page and the papers can run it right in the story if they want to, though I'm suggesting in my note that they play it up under her latest picture. Here are some bully stills of you they took today, too."

The young man glanced without comment over the material that was handed to him. The "stills" all showed him ogling the vampire with somewhat of the deep personal interest of a puppy gazing at a picnic-spread. Perkins, however, did not hesitate to sign his name to the "original" of the letter.

"Any more of it?" he asked.

"We—l—," answered Horace slowly, trying to decide whether his man was in good enough mood for the springing of a new one, "I had just thought of stringing it out for two stories instead of one—it's too good a yarn to lose in one day. Of course I can't spring this second plan unless you agree, though." He glanced up quizzically.

But Perkins was not now quite as imperturbable as he had previously seemed. He was one of those men who "can be pushed just so far."

"Say," he exclaimed, staring hard at the indefatigable press agent, "do you think I'm going to give daily performances of this suicide of mine?"

And to himself Perkins meditated to the effect that: "Somebody will suddenly exterminate Horace one of these days. And when it gets into the newspapers, he'll ouija back a complaint to the editors because the story wasn't used in serial instalments."

HORACE, sensing the change in Perkins' attitude, had begun hastily to thrust the additional manuscript back into his brief case. Perkins grabbed it, and spread the paper out on the table Horace's "new idea" was another and even longer newspaper story, already complete to the last semicolon, and its screaming two-column head-line read:

WORLD'S CHAMPION ALTRUIST OFFERS TO AID MANY BEFORE COMMITTING SUICIDE!

Young man announces he intends to kill himself for love of movie star—seeks opportunity to "acquire merit" first, by disinterested services for others.

WHAT FAVOR COULD A MAN ABOUT TO DIE DO FOR YOU?

"Nux," as he signs himself in letter, says he won't mind how much risk there is in it, he'll try to perform any favor he approves before he goes.

Horace stood on one nervous foot and then on the other while Perkins read to the end of the long account.

"Of course this yarn doesn't affect the main story at all," Horace anxiously explained. "You won't have to bother about the bug replies that come in from readers. I have a post office box number that the company always keeps for blind ads; all letters will go to it, so that even if the authorities want to look you up, they won't be able to. When they found out it was our post office box they'd drop the whole thing as a fake, anyhow. You needn't so much as look the letters over if you don't want to. How about it—you don't object if I use both stories, do you, Perk, old boy?"

"What does 'Nux' mean?" asked Perkins.

"'Nux?' Oh, the name that I signed to the letter—hanged if I know—probably doesn't mean anything. Name some character was called in one of our plays a while ago. That'll help remind readers of the Company, you see."

(*Continued on page 29*)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Improper Movies Have You Seen?

So much has been written about screen censorship that we should like to know what pictures the fans consider immoral and why. For the best letter on this subject that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

In such an informal and unexpected way did I meet and speak to the great director, Mr. David W. Griffith.

Last Fall, while I was at the box office in the lobby of the Apollo Theatre, getting tickets for "One Exciting Night," I casually glanced at a gentleman sitting next to the ticket seller, whose face looked very familiar. I walked out of the lobby bearing in mind this familiar face. Naturally I am very timid and rather reluctant in meeting people out of my sphere, but it was only on the spur of the moment that I turned directly back to the box office and asked, "Pardon me, but aren't you Mr. Griffith?" to which the gentleman stood up, took off his hat and said, "Yes, I am." "I thought I recognized you from the pictures I've seen of you," was my answer. "Thank you, glad to know you," was Mr. Griffith's reply.

This is the first time I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Griffith personally, and he seemed honored as I recognized him sitting behind the box office, presumably watching how the sale of tickets for his movie was coming along. He has a charming manner, but one need not be afraid of approaching him, for he is "just like one of us."

T. H.

Doug Is a Regular "Guy"

No, I have never been the personal guest of a star, nor would any of them recognize me, on sight, though I have seen many of them often. Douglas Fairbanks is the one star I have observed most, and once I experienced the novelty of filling an "extra" role in "Robin Hood," his best picture as yet; certainly his most expensive one.

We worked two days at Callabassi Woods near Los Angeles, and one day out at the studios. Rather ashamed of admitting such an error in past judgment, on my part, but, no joking, I was surprised at finding Fairbanks as "human" as the rest of the enormous crowd, which did its little part to put the production across. The Earl of Huntington was "one amongst us," and I could have spoken with him, as many others did, had I desired to "bust in" on the conversation—and that's what one had to do if he was to be heard.

"Doug" (as his friends call him), "mooched" the makin's from the crowd, rolled his own, and was a regular fellow. Men are men wherever you find them, and you find them everywhere.

JOE VAN DELL.

Conrad Nagel Recited "Thanatopsis"

I had always been very anxious to meet a movie star and especially Conrad Nagel. It all happened one afternoon at the Tuesday Club in Glendale.

Mr. Nagel was honoring the audience with the recitation of "Thanatopsis." Now I was not particularly interested in "Thanatopsis" itself, but I did want to hear Conrad recite it and also to get a good look at him. For that reason I came early enough to get a front seat.

He recited so well and had such a pleasing voice that a loud burst of applause broke out when he had finished. Then all of the ladies went up and shook hands with him, but somehow or other, I couldn't get up the courage.

Finally, a kind old lady saw that I wanted to meet him very much, offered to introduce me. I don't need to tell you I jumped at the chance.

When I was actually standing in front of him, my heart was giving me such a funny sensation, while my face was turning red, white and blue.

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss O'Connell," he said in his well cultured voice.

I stammered out something, feeling very foolish indeed, but it was one of the most thrilling moments I have ever had.

MARY ELIZABETH O'CONNELL.

***Doris Stone*, swimming champion, playing in *"Mothers-in-Law,"* was hostess at the *Preferred Pictures Booth* at the *Motion Picture Exposition*—but not in this costume.**

Richard Barthelmess Christened a Theatre

One day last August, when my friend and I heard that Richard Barthelmess was going to christen a theatre in a nearby city, we were overjoyed. We had always admired Richard and his fine screen portrayals.

The following day we waited with a great crowd for his appearance. When he came out, we noticed that he was very handsome, much better looking off than on the screen.

His voice was low and deep and he gave a nice talk before christening the theatre.

I would say that we were far from being disappointed after seeing Richard Barthelmess.

F. N.

Leatrice Joy in Her Stock Company Days

I had the pleasure of being one of the fortunate ones who saw Leatrice Joy when she was in a stock company in San Diego.

At the time Miss Joy was not a leading lady, but it was predicted that some day she would be one of our most prominent actresses. I had the good fortune to have known Miss Joy personally. In my opinion, she is more charming off the screen than on. When she smiles and speaks with her slow southern drawl, you are immediately under her spell.

Miss Joy's personality is wonderful; to know her is to love her. To me she is the only real interpretative actress of the screen.

M. CURDTS.

She Bumped Into Herbert Rawlinson

On an Easter Sunday, as I climbed the stairs of the Commodore Hotel to meet a chum of mine on the balcony, I used all the speed I had, for I was late.

Thunder, lightning, all the cannons of the world sounded, or seemed to sound, and I was gasping for breath, hanging on to a banister for all I was worth. I had collided with a mountain, or a giant!

I felt my shoulders taken between two strong hands and my body was turned to face the direction I had been going. I looked into the face of the monster that had almost killed me in the strength of his on-coming—it was Herbert Rawlinson!

Surely a star was never met more surely, more forcefully, or with more energy than I had met Herbert Rawlinson, for me were both winded and tottering and I was almost dead from thrills. I had met a movie man in New York!

His fine white teeth fringed his red lips in a smile.

"Young woman," he was saying, "that's the best way of committing suicide in New York, not to watch where you are going."

Then he smiled his pearl-edged smile again and it made me feel like a panic, and there my chum found me, staring dumbly after him even though he had faded from my sight! For I "met" Herbert Rawlinson, and he had smiled at me!

J. H. L.

Viola Dana Made a Hit

All my life I have lived near the old Edison Motion Picture Studio, Bedford Park, Bronx. I often watched the making of pictures and knew many of the Edison players by sight. Miss Viola Dana was my favorite and I always felt awed when I saw her.

One day the Edison baseball team was playing the Biograph team and Miss Dana was watching the game from her automobile. She was alone. With great expectation and thumping heart, I walked over to Miss Dana and introduced myself. She received me very graciously and we conversed on sundry motion picture topics for about ten minutes. When I left Miss Dana I was walking on air and feeling that it was quite an achievement for a boy at the age of fifteen years to be acquainted with his favorite screen star. This happened eight years ago.

J. C. MURRAY.

Back in Oasis again

"Oh, *Creighton!*" *Mary* cried weakly, as he took her in his arms. "How can you ask me that?"

The final absorbing instalment of "*Mary of the Movies*" in which Mary wins success on the screen. Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization of *Louis Lewyn's* original story

By Charles Warnerby

THE realization that she was safe in Dale's arms swiftly restored Mary to an appraisal of the situation in which she now found herself. The storm, with its hurricane of sand and rain, had passed, but her costume, she saw, was ruined. Supported by Dale's arms, she rose to her feet and looked about her.

Where the tents of the Shiek, her desert abductor, had stood, Mary now saw only a floor of flattened canvas, while various other paraphernalia of the movie scene were lying about where the wind and sand had blown them. Everything was drenched with water and the breaking clouds against the west, that let the last of the setting sun illumine for a brief space the scene about them, only made the entire setting look the more bedraggled.

"Oh, Creighton," Mary murmured, as she gently freed herself from his supporting arm. "Isn't it wonderful that you got here just when you did?"

Creighton laughed happily.

"Do you know, Mary," he answered, "Rosemary and I have been worried about you ever since you left the Studio Club. I learned only yesterday that you had been working in the cafeteria but had left to go with the Excelso people. As soon as I found out where you had gone, I followed at once. Something seemed to tell me you might need me."

"Isn't it strange," Creighton," Mary remarked, "that I should have come back so near Oasis, my own home town?"

Dale nodded.

"It sure is," he agreed. "We're not over four hours' ride from it."

THEIR conversation was interrupted at this juncture by the appearance of McDermott, who came up on horseback.

"Glad to see you're safe, Miss Mack," he called, giving Dale a quick glance to see who he was.

"Yes," said Mary. "Thanks to Mr. Dale, "I'm all right." She looked at Dale with a laugh in her eyes.

"Well," continued McDermott, "there's a place where we can spend the night nearby, and tomorrow we'll go on to this town of Oasis and take some exteriors."

Mary thrilled at his words, for the idea of acting before the camera in her own home town was now something soon to be realized, and what satisfaction it would be!

"By the way, Dale," the dirctor said suddenly, "there's a part in this small town stuff that you can do, if you're not working."

"All right, old boy," Dale answered "I'll be anything but a South Sea hula dancer. When will you want me?"

"Tomorrow," McDermott returned, "when we hit that one-horse town."

They put up that night at a neighboring ranch and early the next morning found them on their way toward Oasis. Mary and Dale rode together in an automobile, and Mary realized that her liking for this blonde-haired chap had deepened wonderfully. The separation from him during the time she had worked in the cafeteria had only heightened an interest she had felt on the first day of their meeting. There was something so restful about him, Mary concluded, something you could count upon, depend upon.

It was approaching noon when they entered Oasis. How dearly familiar the old town looked to her, as she came into its Main street and started looking about for those she knew.

Leaving the main body of the party who were on their way toward the only hotel in Oasis, Mary turned into the side street her home was on, so that she might see her mother and Jack without delay. It had been six long weeks now since Mary left Oasis for Hollywood, but as she stopped to consider it, six weeks was a miraculously short space of time in which to achieve success upon the screen. And she had come back home to Oasis a screen star!

Before the small, fenced yard of the little cottage that Mary had known as home for so long as she remembered, were gathered a group of men and women. Their presence there struck Mary suddenly with sharp surprise and wonderment. The thought of an accident was the first to occur to her, which was followed swiftly by the fearful thought of financial difficulties that might have made the sale of the old home necessary.

"Oh, Creighton," Mary breathed, "I wonder can anything be wrong!" The sudden recollection by Mary that she had not written home in ten days, nor heard from there in his time, made her realize that the mortgage with which the little home was burdened might have failed of renewal at the last moment.

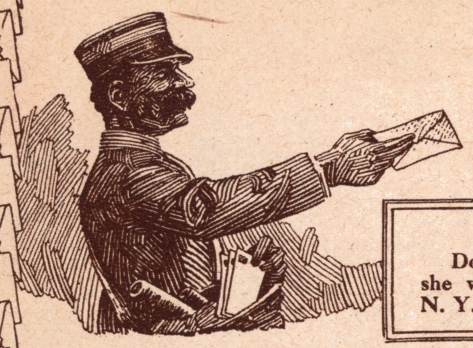
The car at Mary's direction drew up before the sidewalk in front of the cottage and Mary alighted quickly, followed by Dale. Before her home, she recognized Squire Cannon, Raymond's father, and an angular man whose manner and voice proclaimed him to be an auctioneer. Pushing her way through the crowd without speaking to any of those about her that she knew so well, Mary entered the front door of her home and found her mother in the parlor almost identically where she had found her the night she had descended from her room about six weeks before and learned the result of Jack's visit to the doctor.

"Mother!" Mary cried.

"Why, Mary!" Mrs. Mack exclaimed, and an instant later she was in her daughter's arms, sobbing bitterly.

"Mother, dear, what is it?" Mary pleaded. "What are all these men doing outside? What

(*Continued on page* 28)



Fan Hopes to Marry Pauline Garon

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

KNICKERBOCKER KATE—So you'd like me for a grandfather! Well, probably you wouldn't if you knew me! Madge Bellamy's address is Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal. Marie Prevost lives at 451 S. Hampshire Blvd., Los Angeles. Conway Tearle can be reached at the Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, and Betty Compson, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

A RAILROAD SHACK—When did a railroad shack learn to write? Since you admire Irene Rich so much you will be glad to know that she is now working in Mary Pickford's next picture, "The Street Singer." She lives at 703 N. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles.

IOWNA FORD—Do I stay awake nights answering questions? You bet I do not. I never answer questions after one o'clock at night, I'm much too sleepy. No, Johnny Walker is not married; write him at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Richard Talmadge is not related to Norma and Constance. His real name is Metzetti. Gladden James doesn't give his age. Yes, I think he is married. I don't know what he is doing know; he no longer seems to be active in movies.

A FUTURE ACTOR—So you hope the girl who played Florence in "Sonny" may be your future wife! Well, there's nothing like hitching one's wagon to a star. Pauline Garon is the young lady's name, and I assure you you have lots of competition. Her address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

PALE HANDS—Do you use lemon on them, or what? Mahlon Hamilton's picture can be obtained from him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. If May McAvoy and Robert Agnew are engaged, they didn't let me in on their little secret. Theodore Kosloff is about forty; yes, he is married. David and William Powell are related.

A GOOD OLD LIZZIE—I have a good old Lizzie, too. I take her out and feed her hay every morning. Eddie Lyons is five feet eight and Lee Moran, five ten. No, Mildred Davis is not going to play in movies any more.

MARY IS-A-BELLE — We might use you as a dinner gong. Richard Barthelmess' hobby is golf. You can get his photograph free by writing him for it at the office of his company, Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Richard is twenty-eight, and Ramon Novarro twenty-two. The latter would probably send you his picture free also. Write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

FAN-TAS-TIC FAN-A-TIC—Is that what's the matter with you? The reason I sometimes don't give a star's age is not that I wish to be unobliging, but simply that the star doesn't care to reveal his or her age. And speaking of "when" a star was born means usually the year, as I seldom know the actual dates or the months. Alice Brady was born Oct. 14, 1893—I called her up in the middle of the night to ask her.

Well, well, here's the *Colonel*—with apologies to *Sydney Chaplin* in *Marshall Neilan's "The Rendezvous."*

SALLY AND IKIE—However could I write my page without you? Yes, Lloyd Hughes is the husband of Gloria Hope. I don't blame you for liking his looks. He is twenty-four.

INQUISITIVE JEAN — "It doesn't do to be too inquisitive," as the man said when he pulled his hand out of the lion's mouth. I haven't the slightest idea what the address of Norma's new home in Los Angeles is. We usually get in touch with stars through their companies. You can write her at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Eugene O'Brien owns an apartment at 71 Central Park West, New York City; I presume his mother lives there, too, but I don't know the lady.

JEAN-ETTE—Where did you learn so much about me? Yes, you are right in part of your surmise, but I won't say which part. 'Gene O'Brien is still on the road in his play, "Steve." I don't know what you can do about getting him to return to the screen unless all his admirers begin to besiege him with letters asking him to make pictures again. Milton Sills is free lancing.

BETTY BROWN—I'm sure I'd like you, because I like your name-sake, Brown Betty, so much that I have it once a week for lunch. I suppose you heard that your favorite, Monte Blue, was injured when a boat capsized in a scene in a Peter B. Kyne picture he was making. He broke a rib and wrenched his spine. I know only his New York address, which is 30 W. 76th St.

BAMBALINA—If I got mad at everyone who asked me questions, I'd be going about all day tearing my hair in a rage. I'm sorry I don't know May McAvoy's home address; write her at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. She is four feet eleven and Mary Pickford is five feet. Her hair is dark brown.

WILDFIRE—Write for Strongheart's picture to First National, 6 W. 48th St., New York City. Glenn Hunter is twenty-six and is six feet tall. Eva Novak's latest picture is "Boston Blackie."

JACQUELINE DE ARMOUR—So you'd like to duck me in the swimming pool. Well, be sure you pick out a rainy day so it will be a good day for ducks. Ramon Novarro and Malcolm MacGregor can both be reached at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Jacqueline Logan at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and Harrison Ford at 206 N. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles. Lucille Ricksen is sixteen and Thomasina Mix is about a year old now. Charles Jones has no children.

NOBODY'S BABY—Far be it from me to want to discourage anyone, but as to your chances of becoming a movie star—they can't be very great, not more than one in ten thousand. Colleen Moore's real name is Katherine Morrison, so you see she is not related to the Moore brothers. Mary Pickford is thirty; she has never had any children. Her real name is Gladys Mary Smith.

MARGUERITE — So your friends are angry because they can't find more pictures published of Rudolph? Well, we have published every picture we could find of him; now that he isn't appearing on the screen, photographs of him are hard to get. May Allison is soon to make another picture, I understand, after a long vacation. Robert Ellis has been playing more or less frequently. His latest is "The Mark of the Beast." Barbara La Marr was married to Jack Daugherty on May 5, 1923.

FORGET-ME-NOT—I get a lot of flowers in this department—on paper only. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-eight years old and has dark brown hair and eyes. He was born in New York City. He is now working on "The Fighting Blade," with Dorothy Mackaill opposite him.

W. I. S.—I'm glad you're interested in my page; it takes a lot of trouble to write it. Jane and Eva Novak are sisters. No, Richard Dix is not married. Write him for his picture at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

TWO CURIOUS ONES—You describe yourselves accurately! I don't know all those little personal facts about Rudolph that you inquired about. Ramon Novarro is five feet nine and Rudolph is five feet eleven.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Bull Montana, remembering his old ice-wagon days, decided that for old-time's sake, he would have lunch in a lunch room as of old. When the soup was set upon the table, the eagle-eyed Bull noticed a fly struggling in it.

"Waiter," he yelled, "there's a fly swimming in my soup!"

The waiter stared in rapt amazement. "Well, ain't that funny," he remarked, scratching his head in deep thought, "now where do you s'pose that little rascal learned to swim?"

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What did Buster Keaton's baby say?

On the second anniversary of the marriage of the comedian and Natalie Talmadge, all present agreed that the baby said something. But what was it? What would a baby say on the second anniversary of his parents' marriage?

It was the first word the baby ever said, so it was considered most important.

The Talmadge-Schenck-Keaton clan had gathered for appropriate ceremonies for the wedding anniversary, which, incidentally, was celebrated on Baby Buster's first birthday.

It was really fitting that the baby should say something. He did.

Natalie unselfishly declared that the word was "papa."

Buster decided magnanimously it said "mamma."

Constance Talmadge said she heard it "mapa," and Norma said she thought it was "pama." Joseph Schenck insisted it was "camera."

But Mrs. Talmadge, booed by all present, said it was only "goo."

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It was hot. The cast of "Rouged Lips," Viola Dana's new picture, sat down in the huge enclosed set at the Metro Studio and mopped their brows. It was like an enormous dry kiln with the furnaces going full blast. Director Harold Shaw called a halt.

"I guess you might call this hot," drawled Tom Moore, one of the sweltering company, "but it doesn't compare with the way it gets down in Missouri. One summer it got so hot that the river dried up and the town fire department worked day and night throwing water into it to keep the ferry running."

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Edward Sloman, directing "The Eagle's Feather" for Metro, had a difficult time getting a herd of cattle to be filmed in a stampede scene for the picture.

"Year by year the cattle herds grow smaller and smaller," he explained, "all the cowpunchers are in Wild West shows or in Hollywood, or working on fruit ranches in California. There's no use looking for any real ones any more. If you ask a cowpuncher to sing for you, thinking you'll hear some typical cowboy song like 'Bury Me Out On the Lone Prajrie,' you're due for a surprise. More than likely he'll sing, 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.'"

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Buster Keaton claims that his first five reel feature, "Three Ages," covers much of the same ground as H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," except that you can barely see the outline after some of the characters have been flattened with the slapstick.

Before shooting any of the scenes, Buster read the Wells history very carefully. The only comment he had to make on the book was comprised in a cablegram to Mr. Wells: "Greatly shocked by your omission of the custard pie era of history. When are you going to revise?"

Real Dramas of Hollywood

By an Eye-Witness

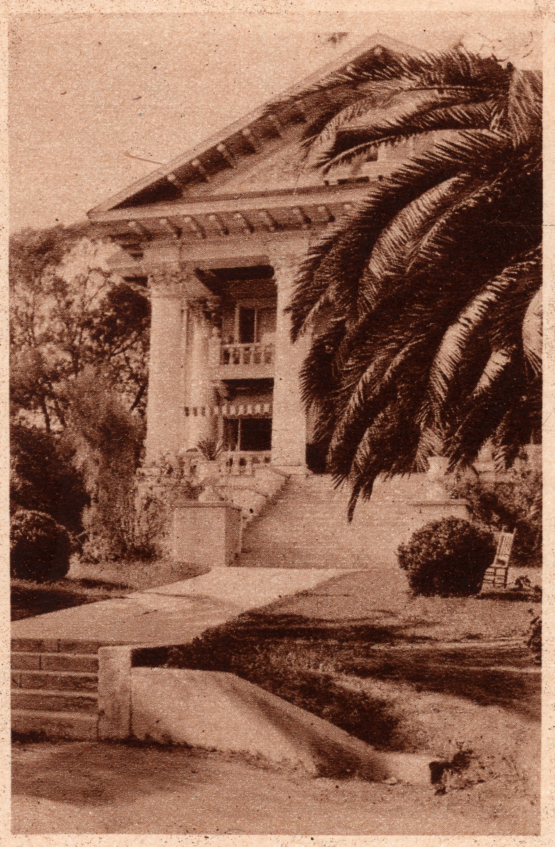
Why don't the film producers film some of the real dramas of Hollywood? There is drama indeed!

Most of these dramas never reach the public eye or ear. But there is a depth of human experience in them that the scenario writer never dreams of putting into his screen stories. These are the tales of noble devotion, of suffering, of loyalty, of self-sacrifice.

I'm going to tell you some of them, though naturally without names.

He's a sort of Pagliaccio, my first hero—a fellow of infinite jest. His clowning makes the whole world laugh. Only a few people know that his heart is broken, and that he carries about with him constantly a very great burden—a love burden—and a very great sorrow and anxiety.

It was ten years ago that he met a very beautiful young girl who had just come into the pictures. She was of fine family, accomplished, sweet, gracious—she would adorn any home. The man fell in love with her at once. He made her his leading woman. They were engaged to marry. Then one day they had a quarrel, as lovers will. The girl took it deeply to heart, grew hysterical, resorted to a drug prescribed by a physician, went into a stupor of sleep—but awakened refreshed. She made up with her lover. He knew nothing of the drug.



The *Studio Club* in *Hollywood*, where the extra girls live and dream of screen fame.

But the girl changed. She became undependable in her work, she grew moody, wilfull. At last her lover sensed the danger. But it was too late. In vain he pleaded with her, in vain he threatened her that he would not marry her unless she allowed herself to be cured of the drug habit. He even placed a nurse at her disposal; he loved her tenderly; he was father, mother, lover to her. But all in vain.

For many months now she has been but a wreck of herself. He cares for her, sees to it that no harm befalls her, sees that she has every attention. He just waits the end. It is all he can do. He goes about with other girls, but the great love of his life lies hidden in his heart. His is a deep, gentle, fine soul.

Sitting alone in a corner at a party one night, a friend approached:

"You look lonely," the friend rallied him.

"I'm always lonely now," the lover confessed.

And still he makes the world laugh!

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She was a very lovely brunette, with big, laughing brown eyes and an irresponsible soul. Everybody was just crazy about her, young men especially. She went into pictures, "just for fun." Nobody thought she would stick to it. Nobody thought she would stick to anything or anybody for long. She laughed at the world. She laughed at her young lovers in particular. Nobody could win her.

But picture work was awfully hard to make good in. She found that she needed a pull. People said, "Oh, well, she will take the easiest way. She is so irresponsible!" But she didn't. She worked along faithfully, refusing the crooked and easy road. Sometimes she played bits in pictures, sometimes extras, sometimes she did not work at all.

But always she was gay, irresponble.

She met a director one day who took a great interest in her! Oh, it seemed so wonderful to have anybody do that! That's what every girl must have to succeed in pictures—somebody to take an interest. She laughed and sang. The director grew more interested. He was much older than she—all of twenty years. But he took an interest—that was the great point.

He invited the girl to go to dinner with him one night.

'Oh, dear," sighed the girl to herself, *"et tu?"*

But the direct was merely gallant, kind. He talked to her of her future; he bought her a nice dinner; then they went to the theatre. When the girl got home, she pinched herself to see if her good luck could be real.

Continued next week)

Mary of the Movies

(Continued from page 25)

is Squire Cannon doing here? What's everything mean, anyway?"

Mrs. Mack raised her head from Mary's shoulder and started to explain.

"It all began a week ago,'" she said slowly. "Everything about the mortgage would have been all right except that some stranger claimed to have discovered oil on our land. This led Squire Cannon to want to buy it, and through his influence the Bank refused to renew the mortgage."

"The idea!" Mary exclaimed indignantly

"Yes," Mrs. Mack continued. "So when we saw how things were, we thought it best just to let it go at auction as Squire Cannon wished, so's we could get all we could out of it. But I'm afraid from the way things is going that we won't get much, for the Squire seems just about to have controlled the bidding."

"Oh, oh, oh!" Mary cried, incensed at the thought of how this rich old man and his precious son had been a never failing source of vexation to her. "Well, we'll see about this!"

From outside could be heard the voice of the auctioneer intoning "How much am I offered?" and the thin, nasal voice of the Squire was heard to rasp, "a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars! The very idea." Mary blurted, starting for the door. But a voice from without checked her. The voice called clearly and distinctly: "Twenty thousand dollars!" It was the voice of Creighton Dale.

"Creighton!" Mary felt like shouting.

Twenty thousand dollars!

It was a bombshell.

"What's that, young man?" the Squire was heard to ask harshly. "I guess you mean two thousand, don't you?" he demanded.

"I mean twenty thousand," Dale replied calmly.

The elderly squire gave every symptom of an apoplectic seizure. He coughed and glared balefully at the fair-haired cause of his discomfiture.

"Why, what d'yer mean by it?" he queried. "I'm bidding fifteen hundred."

Dale looked him quietly in the eye and as quietly made reply.

"I'm bidding twenty thousand," he answered.

Again the Squire gave evidence of expiring on the spot. He thumped the cane he was carrying in anger and moved threateningly toward Dale.

"Who are you?" he demanded, "and where did yer come from?"

Dale never altered his quiet demeanor.

"I'm just a person who's bidding twenty thousand dollars for this property. If it's got oil on it, as I've heard whispered here by those about me, I believe that it's worth it."

The Squire looked dumbfounded.

"I don't believe you've got twenty thousand dollars," he rasped shrilly.

Dale smiled.

"You can prove it," he retorted calmly "by not outbidding me."

A murmur of amusement arose from the watching throng that indicated the Squire was not any prime favorite among them.

"Mother," breathed Mary again, as they stood within the little parlor holding to each other in the tense excitement they mutually felt.

"That's Creighton Dale, that I met in Hollywood. He came here with me today. But he hasn't twenty thousand dollars. Not unless . . . "

Mary's voice died as the Squire raised his in he yard without.

"By thunder," he cried, "I'll prove you're a sharper by just outbidding you, that's all. Twenty-one thousand dollars!"

The perspiration was standing out on Raymond Cannon's paternal parent's head and face as he pronounced the words, and only Raymond would have known what it cost the old gentleman to utter them.

As the words of the Squire were uttered, Dale bowed with a smile.

"It's yours, sir," he said calmly. "I only wanted to see that you paid what it was worth."

Turning his back upon the Squire who, after a moment or two of furious inarticulation, proceeded to the auctioneer and wrote him his check, Dale approached the steps of the cottage. Seeing him there, Mary went out to meet him.

"Come in, Creighton," she called.

Inside, Dale met Mrs. Mack and later Jack whom Mary had told him about on the day they went to the races at Tia Juana.

"Well, if we've got twenty-one thousand dollars coming to us, I guess you can have your operation now, Jack," Mary told him.

"Is it true, Sis, that you're a screen star?" her brother asked her eagerly.

"It sure is, Jack," Mary replied.

Some time later the auctioneer returned to the house with a certified check for the amount of the sale and Mrs. Mack began to look about her with the regret one feels upon leaving surroundings that have long been familiar to one.

The next day, Mary continued her work before the camera, while all of Oasis stood by with open mouths and looked on. Late that afternoon, the rumor became current that the Squire who had insisted upon prompt possession of the Mack home, had learned that the oil promoter who claimed to have discovered oil on the Mack land was a swindler.

"Well," said Mary, "the Squire wanted the property and now he's getting it. I'm afraid the old gentleman has handed himself a gold brick."

Which was indeed the case.

That night while Mary and Creighton were on the little porch in front, Ray Cannon passed. He kept his eyes straight ahead despite the fact that he was passing a new parcel of his father's property.

"Creighton," Mary whispered in the darkness, "what would you have done if the Squire hadn't outbid you?"

Dale turned and looked at Mary with a smile.

"Bought it," he said quietly.

"Oh, but—but how could you?" Mary exclaimed, adding hastily, "Oh, pardon me!"

Dale laughed.

"That's all right, Mary," he returned. "I just inherited a big piece of change and the twenty thousand wouldn't have put a dent in it."

"Oh!" Mary murmured and was silent.

Dale came close to her.

"Could you have liked me just the same if I hadn't?" he inquired softly.

"Oh, Creighton!" Mary cried weakly, as he took her in his arms. "How can you ask me that?——How can you——?"

But his kiss smothered the rest of her reply.

The End.

Princess' Story More Startling Than Any Movie

(Continued from page 12)

trudged a score of miles through the snow, kept from freezing only by the warmth of her exertions.

Friendly hands smuggled her to Vladivostok. There she obtained an engagement with a Russian grand opera company as a dancer. A barnstorming trip followed that took her to most of the out-of-the-way ports of the Orient.

"Now my days of physical misery are over," she said, "for no matter how unfortunate I may be, I shall live more comfortably than I have done in years."

The Man Who Made The Movies Human

(Continued from page 9)

"Then do you think," we said finally, rising to go, "that the movies will improve in the immediate future?"

He lighted a cigar and considered thoughtfully.

"I think," he said at length, "that we are facing a new era of the screen—an era that probably will see the development of the special writer—the screen dramatist—who will write for the screen in the way that the screen, as a special and totally distinct medium of entertainment, requires. This, I believe, will herald and accelerate the arrival of a great new art—an art the surface of which, thus far, has only been scratched. When this time comes the visit to a movie theatre will be a unique and delightful experience."

"Even," we thought, as we left him and struck into Fifth Avenue without, "even as our experience had been when we first saw 'The Pinch Hitter.'"

Photographing the Stars

(Continued from page 8)

a Spanish costume and play a tango on the phonograph and she becomes an amazing black-haired Spanish dancer, gorgeously beautiful. Then, as soon as the picture is taken, she drops back immediately into her self, a bewildering transformation, if you don't know her.

"Many of my most beautiful studies have been made of Mary Astor, whom I first met as a beauty prize winner and whom I have photographed many hundreds of times in the four years which have marked her rise to the position of a Paramount star. I think I have been most successful with Mary because she has placed herself entirely at my disposal. If I want to see her in a Cordelia costume, or as a child saint, or as a modern flapper, Mary creates the role and does as I say.

"The lesson of these experiences with stars is that the average man or woman would get better pictures by not having a preconceived idea of what they would like to get when they go to a photographer's studio. Of course, the photographer has something to do with the excellence of the pictures, but this something, surprisingly, does not concern his camera, but rather his self. The photographer must devote at least three or four hours to a sitting. He must meet his subject not as a customer, but as a friend. He must put him at ease. He must try to find, by listening to him talk, by seeing him walk about, what poses are his best. Music is a great help. Some people believe that the piano or phonograph in a photographer's studio is just so much affectation. But some people respond immediately to classical music. Others are brightened up by jazz.

THE CAMERA doesn't lie. Like the truly great painter, it probes into the soul. I am not speaking of the camera operated by the snapshot photographer, the man who takes a dozen pictures in thirty minutes. The camera operated by a man who wants to get his subject's soul into her face finds the character as quickly as Sargent found that of a girl who was suffering from an incurable malady.

"This girl, the daughter of a rich family, had been ill for a long time. The best specialists in the country had been called into consultation, but could do nothing for her. They told her mother that she could not live longer than a few years more. So the mother decided to have a painting made of her by a great artist, and chose Sargent to execute it. He visited the house and the girl sat for him. A few months later the canvas was ready and was hung in the hall of the house.

"Shortly after a new specialist was called in. He entered the house and saw the painting.

"'Is that my patient?' he asked.

"'Yes,' the mother replied.

"'Why, she is insane.' he replied at once.

"Sargent had caught the symptoms of the girl's malady which lay hidden in her face and could only be perceived by a lengthy study. He had transferred them to the canvas. The girl was sent to an asylum and was later cured.

"The camera can do as much, if the subject permits and the photographer tries."

Perkins' Predicament

(Continued from page 23)

"You ought to have looked it up," Perkins advised. "It's Latin and it means 'nut!'"

Horace's jaw dropped.

"G'lord! You won't get sore, will you, Perk? For heaven's sake, don't get mad and go back on us and refuse to commit suicide! You don't know how much this means to me!"

Perkins smiled. He had never met anybody just like Horace

"Horace," he said, at last, "beat it and let me dope this thing out. I don't think so very quickly. Come back in an hour."

And Horace, satisfied, went to supper.

THE THOUGHT came whimsically to Perkins, as the press agent was leaving, that had HE been Horace, it never would have occurred to him to commit suicide in the first place. Oh, no. Horace, in the situation that had driven Perkins to desperation, probably would have sold old man Smith a new bunch of psychological tests, self-made, and then let the old gentleman try them out on him for all he was worth. And he would have administered chloroform to his sundry creditors and carried the fair damsel off to the strains of a steam calliope, which would be the only thing that could drown out sweet mamma's objections.

The things that had annoyed O. P. Perkins to the point of attempting suicide were several, and now they insisted on parading through his mind as he tried to think of other things. He sagged down into an easy chair in the film studio dressing room and, unconscious of the passage of time, let his mind leisurely review the circumstances that had led up to his present strange employment by the movies. As though it were itself a movie unwinding before his mind's eye, and as though he himself were in the audience looking on and unknown persons were playing the various roles, he now visioned the past years of his own life.

During what seemed innumerable industrious years, a young man—who was himself—had worked toward a certain great ambition. It had to do with a girl, among other things, and there were sundry obstacles to be overcome on the route to said young lady's hand and hotel bills. One was her domineering mother; another, her plutocratic father; the last and greatest was the extraordinary and psychologically ultra-modern barricade that the distinguished father had built about his charming daughter, "for all the world," Perkins meditated, "like a twentieth century version of an imprisoning tower of old."

THE FIRST two obstacles he might have overcome. Perkins told himself. It was the last one that finally drove him to the point of looking upon Brooklyn Bridge as a point of embarkation instead of a highway.

Have you ever pondered over any of the so-called psychological tests that English professors and pseudo-psychologists, melancholy misanthropes and psychiatrically jaundiced chiropodists have wished upon a well-meaning and unsuspecting world? They were brewing slowly even before the war, and when that international violation of the Eighteenth Amendment was at its height somebody dropped a raisin into the psychological test brew and exploded the barrel. Since then it has come to be universal knowledge that if, upon being shown small pictures of a flea and a dog and a blank space and a tenant of a New York apartment, you can't in one second ratiocinate to the effect that a flea is to a dog as a janitor is to a New York tenant—you're a moron.

The trouble, in young Perkins' case, was that his employer and prospective father-in-law, old Ebenezer Smith, had taken this deluge of mental tests with dead seriousness. He had pricked up his aged ears when the first of the well-known "army tests" appeared in the papers. In his youth in a Western mining camp, his had been the type of mind that would spend happy hours over the missing word contests and picture puzzles that were once the rage, and he would ride many miles on horseback to demonstrate to frankly envious acquaintances his superiority at manipulating the mechanical puzzles that were in those days contrived by the bushel by mechanically-inclined half-wits with a congenital hatred of real work.

The wizened little old gentleman had tried out the printed tests on himself and passed them all with flying colors. When it was announced later that one of the large universities would thereafter require new students to pass a similar set of tests, Mr. Smith had procured a set and tried them on hapless friends and helpless business acquaintances. When an ex-professor of psychology finally wearied of his small income, and went into the wholesale test-making business, Mr. Smith purchased a complete outfit. Thereafter each employee, from New York office boy to Nevada mine superintendent, had to pass the tests to retain his job. Mr. Smith became the most ardent of test fanatics, and would have applied them to his wife, had it not been that he was a far less important person in his home than he was in Wall Street.

YOUNG Perkins, admirable as a man in the things by which men usually judge one another, had been one of the first of the old man's employees to be fired under the test system. And that despite the fact that up to this time he had been one of the highest-salaried employees in the old man's New York office, and had even been a welcome guest—as far as the veteran mining magnate himself was concerned at least—in the Smith's rather sumptuous home on Fifth Avenue.

At the office it had been confidently expected that Perkins would ultimately marry the attractive Marjorie Smith and become a member of the firm. Mrs. Smith, however, did not join in this expectation—most emphatically she did not—though this was not known at the office. And in the Smith household Mrs. Smith was decidedly the senior member of the firm.

As for Marjorie, she had ventured no opinion on the subject. To tell the truth about Marjorie, her home environment had taught her the futility of making up opinions of her own. She was a slightly-spoiled young woman who heartily disliked quarrels, and she was diplomat enough to know that the best way to avoid them with her particular species of parents was to associate with her parents separately, and agree with each one when the other was absent.

In the matter of young Perkins, for instance, Marjorie had privately decided that she would marry him some day, though up to the time of his sudden discharge this had been one of the private opinions that she was holding in the background. In fact—though herein she was not different from most girls—she had not yet advised Perkins that he was already elected; it was too much fun keeping the anxious young man on tenterhooks.

On the date of his discharge, Perkins wrote her a long letter, setting forth that he proposed to establish himself as such a successful broker that both of her parents would have to concede their consent. He anticipated that it would take a little time and hoped that she would wait.

The unforeseen occurred, of course. Old Mr. Smith died and left an extraordinary will, and the domineering Mrs. Smith immediately whisked her daughter away for six months in Europe. The six months expired on the day that Horace Greely Jackson first met Perkins. And the following was the connection between the two incidents: Perkins had been preparing to close his office early, on that day, to meet the returning Marjorie at the pier when her boat landed.

A BRISK, gray-haired man hurried down the corridor from the elevator to meet him at the door. Perkins introduced himself.

"I am Alonzo Q. Jones, of Jones & James, and I have a very unusual matter of business to attend to, with you," the brisk man said, plunging crisply into his subject and Perkin's office at the same time.

(Continued next week)

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Male Vampires I Know

(*Continued from page* 13)

piano when I was a young girl, and though I never really accomplished much, chiefly because I went off and got married very young, I still adore music. My husband was a tenor, too, and sang in one of the big Denver churches. When I first heard John Steel sing, there was something in his voice that won me completely. I guess he still vamps me with that voice!"

But there were other he-vamps to be discussed.

"John told me the other night that he thought the worst kind of a he-vamp was the one with lots of money! But, of course, that's altogether too sordid for this interview, isn't it? We must be subtle and analytical."

Claire smiled and I asked her about Charlie Chaplin.

"Oh, he is the most insidious of all!" she declared. "He is the most dangerous he-vamp in the world! Because there is no deep feeling under it all. Any little thing can change him toward you in a moment! But he can seem so thoroughly in love for the time being! I really believe he is capable of real friendship, though, and that is what a woman should insist on with him. Only, somehow, you can't. He is so irresistible when he wants to be.

"Flattery, chunks and gobs of it—and dozens of little attentions like putting a fine car at your disposal, paying for dinners at a man's club, with flowers and candy and theatre-tickets, all sent and done unobtrusively—these are things that one dangerous sort of he-vamp does.

"He lets you know that he is immensely proud of your company—makes you feel that you are the only woman in the world—carefully conceals doings with any other woman.

"There is a rich real estate man in Los Angeles who does that sort of thing. He is one of the best off-stage actors I have ever seen.

"In fact, the worst he-vamps are not of the stage or screen!

"Well, at any rate, this man gets actresses to go out to his lands that are on sale—uses them to tempt people to come out—and then talks about them afterward as if he were the Wally Reid of all real estaters."

Did Claire know Lew Cody, I asked.

Oh, yes. and Lew. advertised widely as a he-vamp, is the most delightful of pals.

Does he vamp? I wanted to know.

"Not a bit more," said Claire, "than a lot of men far less attractive than he is. Why, you can have a wonderful friendship with Lew. If you wanted to be vamped. I suppose he would oblige. But he is a fine and gallant man, and as kind-hearted as a Sunday School teacher.

"It is the men of whom you would never suspect it—fathers of families, so-called respectable business men, who surprise the picture girls. These men don't understand us at all. Especially the very rich ones. They seem to think that all actresses are alike, and that all can be bought. They are so stupid about their vamping, too! They don't seem to think it is necessary to be subtle.

"Oh, yes, I know Valentino! The very last man to play the he-vamp role! Or the caveman role! It is a terrible admission to make, but Valentino is a one-woman man. He was in love with Jean Acker, his wife, and when they split up, he transferred his affections immediately to Winifred Hudnut. I never knew him to look at another woman. He was always very gallant, very courteous, rather reserved—and a bit too high brow for most women. He could have done a lot of damage if he had wanted to—but he didn't want to.

"The foreign charmer is difficult to resist, because his methods are new. I do not know Charles de Roche—but I think he is very fascinating to look at.

"Yes, on the whole, I think women are more vamped against than vamping!"

It Isn't What You Earn—

(*Continued from page* 9)

or stage stars can't twinkle forever. Even overlooking the periods in all of their lives when they have no work, their high-salaried days don't last forever. Unless a star can become a character actor when he's outgrown the twinkling days, he is through. And, obviously, all the current stars can't grow into character leads—there is no demand for that many character players.

So, obviously, the star must make hay while the star shines. It will be pouring rain some day. And wise are they who realize that fact.

Charlie Ray, for example, once gave a writing friend of his some earnest advice. "Stick to the writing," said Charlie, "an actor has only a few years while he's young, but you can write until you're ninety."

Mabel Normand is another wise one who believes in the comfortable feeling of having money in the bank. And Katherine MacDonald is reputed to have amassed a fortune out of her salary. Ruth Roland dabbles in real estate on the side with her money, and Pearl White is another shrewd business woman. Of course, William S. Hart has accumulated a tidy sum, and as for Jackie Coogan—his parents are saving all his money and supporting him out of his father's salary. By the time he is grown, he'll have so much money he'll have to take a couple of years off to count it.

So all the stars won't get wet when the rainy day comes. Some of them will be safe and snug in front of their own hearth fires. But others, no matter how much money they receive, will always be one lap ahead of the sheriff. And that goes for everybody, whether you're up among the stars or right down with both feet on the ground counting out your twelve dollars a week.

Twelve, or two hundred, or even two thousand, whatever the salary you earn, it's what you save that counts—how much you can get ahead of the old H. C. L. For, as has been said before, it's the upkeep that counts.

And the upkeep is up to you!

Norma Talmadge Analysis

(*Continued from page* 18)

She is somewhat acquisitive, inclined perhaps to take advantage where it is offered in order to further her own ends, but she is incapable of anything unscrupulous. There is a shadow of racial bitterness and sadness about the lips and the eyes, but not enough of this to mar the naturally cheerful and contented disposition.

She is philosophical, and can accustom herself to losses that afflict her deeply, with strength. The eyes have a measure of doubt present shown in their contours and the angle of the lids. Once she trusts, however, she trusts with completeness. She holds back nothing.

Her beautifully balanced head points out that a code of things that are good is predominant in her. She is not self-seeking and regardless of all others, or self-centered. There is some narrowness in her, however, and an inability to see any side except one, particularly if the issue has any emotional or moral basis. But she is not over-obstinate.

She is quite conventional, and she dislikes affectations and all things that are false. She is somewhat materialistic, and shrinks from anything unpleasant, rather than regarding it as an enemy to be attacked. She can do more for others if she loves them than she can do for herself. She shows distinct dramatic ability in nostrils and eyes, though this is of a serious sort, and has little true comedy in it, for all the even quality of her character.

She has courage, foresight and firmness. She can be tactful without effort. She is inclined to be distressed by trivial things rather than by the more important crises and problems of life. She has great constancy and ardor.

There is not much tendency towards introspection in the face, and it is doubtful if Miss Talmadge has much self-understanding. While the face is not a vain one, it might fairly be deduced that she regards herself with unusual seriousness, and her quiet humor seems purely objective.

But she has certainly a character with scarcely a contradiction, with scarcely one note of that hidden eccentricity which exists in even commonplace lives. "Why did he do this?" or "How on earth did she do that?" are familiar enough questions, and sometimes they are asked by the persons themselves. They are not likely to be asked regarding Norma Talmadge. Her place in the films is secure, and she will be always an example of a calm, clear-headed sanity which is likewise very warm and human.

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Sweet Land of Liberty

(Continued from page 3)

across the sea. The clutching fingers and the closed palm of the English King stretched forth to seize the treasure for his own coffers.

But the sweet spirit of liberty was not yet dead. It flamed in a fiery rainbow from Maine to North Carolina.

What happened then?

Have you ever thought of that ragged and brave little band of Washington's soldiers?

Those families from the homesteads of Maryland; those clerks out of the old-fashioned shops of New York and Pennsylvania, turning from the hearth, leaving the plow in its furrow, shouldering their muskets, and with them the odium of treason, for the preservation of that same idea—liberty?

No king should again enslave them. And from that first shot fired at Concord and heard around the world, through the days of dark discouragement, the freezing winter at Valley Forge, the treacherous ride across the Delaware, among the floating peaks of ice, until the band played at Yorktown—they stuck. For seven long years [illegible]

[illegible]y? Because they objected to paying a English tea? Not at all. Because they enfranchised men, tyranny was intolerable. Better to be a frozen corpse on the snow of Valley Forge than to be warmed and fattened at the hearthside with the brand of the slave written across the brow.

These are the men who gave you your bodies and your souls.

But what is the spectacle today? What would Patrick Henry or George Washington think if they saw us now, poltroons in the clutches of hired censors? Two or three men here who say that Anthony must marry Cleopatra; two or three others there who say that a baby can die but cannot be born in the pictures; two or three others there who determine the length of a kiss between a lover and his sweetheart; two or three others yonder who shut their eyes and scissor blindly. Prudes! Prudes! Prudes!

THE WORLD is full of knaves and prudes. The old ideals of liberty are being burned in effigy. We are being told that no longer shall we be free men and free women. The moving claw of power is at our throats.

We are being told that we must not do this and that we must not do that. Some of you who read this are subject to moving picture censorship, and before many years have passed, many others of you will come under the same yoke.

In New York they have just defeated by luck an iniquitous bill introduced into the legislature, which would have set up the same censorial power over books and magazines that is now exercised over pictures. Can you fancy an author writing a history of Egypt and Rome and being told by a censor that he mustn't tell the truth? That he must marry Anthony and Cleopatra, or stop? Fancy taking Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," which you were urged to read in school, and erasing from its pages all the drama that is there. And why? Just because the censors say you mustn't show a clergyman in unfavorable auspices. The fact that the Reverend Doctor Dimmesdale in that story was a seducer must be cut out. The fact that Hester Prynne had a baby must not be mentioned. It isn't nice. It offends prudish minds. So the poor old ghost of Hawthorne can bite his nails in anguish, and the censors will turn thumbs down.

Under that abomination of a law, which they will try to pass again, every play of Shakespeare's could be hacked and maimed and crippled and beaten into a pulp because Shakespeare had the gift and vision of genius to write about life, not as a prudish censor thinks it should be written, but as it is. And there is nothing that a censor is quite so much afraid of as the depiction of life as it is. No crime is so bad as that. Authors must lie. Writers must cheat. They must dip their pens in sour milk—write their stories in gruel and weak soup. But the story of life can be written in nothing less than blood and tears.

All this agitation started over a judge in New York, who found his daughter reading a filthy book, or what he said was a filthy book. And because his sixteen-year-old daughter was reading D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love," this man formed a league with a lying title, The Clean Books League. As Mr. Macfadden has pointed out in the Physical Culture Magazine, it should have been called The Dirty Books League. Justice Ford's daughter has earned an unenviable place in the political history of this country as the girl who read a dirty book. Perhaps if Justice Ford had spanked her with a slipper, the interest of his daughter and the community would have been better served. Instead, this jurist attempts to say to the editors and writers of this country, "You shall write or print nothing which is not fit for my daughter to read." And so she is to be the censor of our liberty. She, the daughter of a man, who, when asked about the greatest novelist that America has ever produced, replied, "Who is Dreiser?" The man who would censor our liberty does not know Theodore Dreiser.

The censors will tear out the pages of your books, just as they have cut out the scenes from your pictures. They will tear down the pictures from your walls. They will break up the records in your photograph cabinet. They will seize you by the hair of your head and drag you off the dance floor. And presently—this is not an exaggeration, my friends—they will regulate the most intimate details of your domestic life.

You remember the story of the cameleer and his beast out on the desert. The camel asked to be allowed to put his head under the tent with his master, and when the master permitted it, the camel thrust in his head and finally his whole body and kicked the master out into the sandstorm.

There is no limit to this prudery.

And what is the answer? There is only one answer, my friends. It is the inevitable answer which every man returns to tyranny. It is the answer which the Pilgrims on their knees upon the Mayflower's deck returned to their persecutors in England. It is the answer which that ragged, hungry band of colonials returned to Cornwallis at Yorktown. It is the answer which the blue coats gave to Simon Legree. It is the same reply which the Rough Riders gave to the cruel Spaniards upon the bullet-strewn slope of San Juan Hill. It is the answer of the Argonne and of Chateau Thierry—the age-old answer of Patrick Henry:

"Give me liberty, or give me death!"

It almost makes one feel like repeating the remark of another Irish patriot:

"Let freedom ring; there's nobody home anyway."

An Actor Should Marry Only for Love

(Continued from page 19)

It was an unhappy love affair that finally landed Baxter in the show business. He went away to Tulsa, Oklahoma, and went into the auto business.

"But my heart turned more and more toward acting," he said. "One day I heard of a company in town that wanted a juvenile. I joined at almost nothing a week.

"After a while I went into vaudeville, and did very well. But we began to hear about motion pictures. I was tired of wandering and living in second-class hotels, and I wanted to settle down and have a home. The only motion picture company we ever heard much about was Universal. I went out to California."

It was about two years ago that he came west to go into pictures, and his popularity has been growing ever since.

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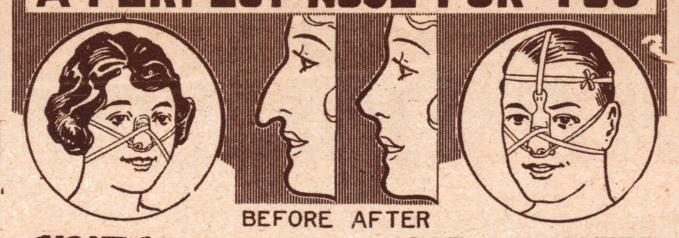

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"Why, Mrs. Blakely, how do you do!" he exclaims, rushing forward impulsively. But Mrs. Blakely, accustomed to the highest degree of courtesy at all times, returns his greeting coldly.
And, nodding briefly, she passes on—leaving the young man angry with her, but angrier at himself for blundering at the very moment he wanted most to create a favorable impression.

hold ourselves we hand, to be prepared, to know *exactly what to do and say.*

DO *you* know what to say to a woman when meeting her for the first time after an introduction? Do you know what to say to a woman when leaving her after an introduction? Would you say "Good-bye, I am very glad to have met you?" Or, if she said that to you, how would you answer?

It is just such little unexpected situations like these that take us off our guard and expose us to sudden embarrassments. None of us like to do the wrong thing, the incorrect thing. It condemns us as ill-bred. It makes us ill at ease when we should be well poised. It makes us self-conscious and uncomfortable when we should be calm, self-possessed, confident of ourselves.

The knowledge of what to do and say on all occasions is the greatest personal asset any man or woman can have. It protects against the humiliation of conspicuous blunders. It acts as an armor against the rudeness of others. It gives an ease of manner, a certain calm dignity and self-possession that people recognize and respect.

Do You Ever Feel That You Don't "Belong?"

Perhaps you have been to a party lately, or a dinner, or a reception of some kind. Were you entirely at ease, sure of yourself, confident that you would not do or say anything that others would recognize as ill-bred?

Or, were you self-conscious, afraid of doing or saying the wrong thing, constantly on the alert—never wholly comfortable for a minute?

Many people feel "alone" in a crowd, out of place. They do not know how to make strangers like them—how to *create a good first impression.* When they are introduced they do not know how to start conversation flowing smoothly and naturally. At the dinner table they feel constrained, embarrassed. Somehow they always feel that they don't "belong."

Little Blunders That Take Us Off Our Guard

There are so many problems of conduct constantly arising. How should asparagus be eaten? How should the finger-bowl be used, the napkin, the fork and knife? Whose name should be mentioned first when making an introduction? How should invitations be worded? How should the home be decorated for a wedding? What clothes should be taken on a trip to the South?

In public, at the theatre, at the dance, on the train—wherever we go and with whomever we happen to be, we encounter problems that make it necessary for us to

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